

September 9th.

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THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

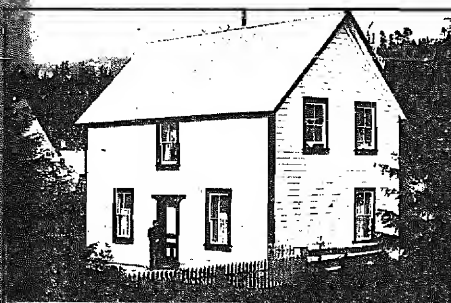
10th Year. No. 51.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1911.

DAVID M. KERS,
Editor.

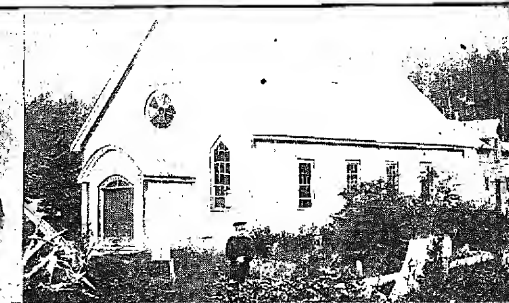
Price 2 Cents.



Officers' Quarters, Port Essington.



Capt. W. Kerr.



The Citadel, Port Essington.



Port Essington Braves in Present-day War Paint. See Page 7.



Red Indian Braves in War Paint, Old Style.



Outlets from Contemporaries

War Cry of the World, note!

Confession and Reparation.

Young Forger at Army Meeting.

Ernest McAfee bumped up against the cold shoulders of Kansas City when he came here six months ago, says a Kansas City newspaper. Somehow he missed the welcome sign and the wide-open doors of opportunity as he climbed from the bottom side of a freight-car in the railroad yards here.

He was out of money, too, and a boy only eighteen years old hasn't much chance in a large city without money. He met older men. They forged express money-orders to the amount of \$117. They, including McAfee, cashed the orders.

McAfee got a job in a restaurant when the stolen money gave out. One night, alone, he went to The Salvation Army hall. The songs and testimonies made McAfee think more than ever of the forged money-orders.

Then, when he couldn't refrain longer, he confessed to Ensign C. W. Jerome, who advised him to give himself up to the police department. McAfee did, and yesterday, in the Criminal Court, he was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary by Judge Ralph S. Lathaw; but Judge Lathaw may give the boy another chance.

[The boy referred to came to the Kansas City I penitent-form and afterward made the confession mentioned. Thank God, there is still power in the Blood to make wrong things right!—Ed.]—American Cry.

A Queer Punishment.

Thief had to Keep Army Cabin.

Some few years ago Rogoboj, in Java, otherwise "Place of Troubel," was a "dessa," or village almost devoid of virtue or order. The inhabitants were a quarrelsome, thieving, lying crowd, and every one feared his neighbour, for incendiary fires and such like were constant in the district.

The Praying League.

General Prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, sorrow, or bereavement, and especially need Thy grace and presence and help at this time."

1. Let prayer and thanksgiving be offered for a bountiful harvest.

2. For the restoration to health of Officers and Christian workers and missionaries.

3. For much blessing to attend all preparations for the Annual Congress.

SUNDAY, Sept. 24th.—Leper Healed. II. Kings v.: 8-19.

MONDAY, Sept. 25.—Gehazi. II. Kings v.: 20-27; II. Kings vi.: 1-7.

TUESDAY, Sept. 26.—Unseen Guardians. II. Kings vi.: 8-22.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 27.—Good News. II. Kings vi.: 24-25; vi.: 1-11.

The average Corps' sale of the Canadian "War Cry" is now 144 copies. In a short time it will be 150 copies per Corps. If there is any Corps whose "War Cry" sales average more than that we should like to know. Drop a line to the Editor, please.

An increase of only six copies per corps will bring us up to the 150 mark.

Som five years ago Captain Soncum was sent to open up the district for the Army. It was, indeed, a case of going to the worst. The men looked askance at the Captain, the children and women fled on his approach, and no one wished to have anything to do with him. However, he persevered and won their confidence.

One day a strange thing happened. Some one had stolen an article, and was pronounced guilty, and by way of punishment it was insisted upon that the defaulter should allow the Captain to live in his house rent free, otherwise the thief was to be handed over to the police! The man chose the former, and the Captain was called upon to reside there for twelve months, whilst the thief lived in a hut near by. The lesson was as severe as it was unusual, but it did the man good, and he has been better for the experience.—All the World.

Rome's Libraries.

How Books Were Made.

This is supposed to be a great book-producing age; but, surprising as it may seem, books were produced and sold more easily and quickly in ancient Rome than they are in modern London.

The reason for this is that slave labour was employed. And it is to slave labour that we owe to-day the possession of Greek and Roman classics. If copies of these works had not been multiplied enormously by slaves they could not have survived, to anything like the extent they have, the accidents and disasters of time.

The libraries of ancient Rome were immense and splendid, and this is the way they, and the book-shops were filled.

THURSDAY, Sept. 28.—Unbeliever's Death. II. Kings vii.: 14-17; II. Kings viii.: 7-15.
FRIDAY, Sept. 29.—Evil Marriage. II. Kings iii.: 1-4; viii.: 16-20; vi.: 1-3.
SATURDAY, Sept. 30.—The Lord's Avenger. II. Kings ix.: 5-220.

TIME TO TRY AGAIN.

When you know that others wait for you to fail,

When you know they think your utmost has been done;

When they turn to see you pressed against the wall,

When your plans have been defeated, one by one—

That's the time to wear the bravest look a brave man ever wore,

That's the time for trying harder than you ever tried before.

When it seems as if no chance

With his trained staff of readers and transcribers a publisher could turn out an edition of any work at very cheap rates, and almost at a moment's notice. There was no initial expense of type-setting before a single copy could be produced, no ruinous extras in the shape of printers' corrections. The manuscript came from the author; the publisher handed it over to his slaves; and, if a book of modest dimensions, the complete edition could be ready within twenty-four hours!—English Cry.

Eat Slowly.

Some Good Advice.

Eat slowly. It is better far
To masticate your food
Than swallow lumps that won't digest,
So cannot do you good!

Eat slowly! You must work your teeth,

Or they will soon decay;
Machinery kept clean and used
Will last for many a day.

Eat slowly! If you load too full
With wood and coal your fire,
'Twill just be smothered and put out
Instead of blazing higher.

Choose the right fuel! Put it on
With wisdom and with care,
And you may thus avoid the pain
Which unwise eaters bear.
—The Deliverer.

Reversing the Grammar.

A True Christian's Rules.

A good man once gave a lesson in "Christian grammar" to a class he was teaching. He said: "We have all learned to say in school:

"First Person—I.

were left for you,
When the darkness seems to
thickly close about,
When no cheerful sign is any-
where in view,
When you feel your breaking
heart assailed by doubt—
That's the time to prove your
manhood, that's the time
to proudly cling
To the hope that makes the poor-
est man the equal of a
king.

DON'T GRUMBLE OR DOUBT.

His message is, "Be not afraid, for I am thy God." And if you or I sat down to trace out passage after passage in which the duty of trust in the power of God is expressed, we should rise up after even half an hour of it, feeling confident in this one fact—that God wants us to trust Him, not only for Salvation, not only for our soul's welfare, not only for occasional meetings, and so on, but for always and

"Second Person—Thou."
"Third Person—He."
But that is wrong in Christian grammar, so wrong that to put it right we have to turn it upside down. The Christian grammar is:

"First Person—He."
"Second Person—Thou."
"Third Person—I."

"He" means God, the First Person in the first place. "Thou" means one's fellow-man, and "I" myself comes last.

It will be a good thing for all of us to get to understand the meaning of the above. "Christian" grammar is a fine thing for us all to study.—Australian Cry.

Bible in His Pillow.

How a Missionary's MSS. was Saved.

Adoniram Judson, the American missionary in Burma, had translated the Bible into the Burmese language when war was waged between Burma and England, and he was put in prison suspected of being a spy for England. Terrible were his sufferings at this time, for he was bound for nineteen months with three sets of fetters (part of the time with five) and confined in a loathsome cell. Mrs. Judson, knowing that the precious manuscript would be found and seized in her home, at first buried it, and then fearing that it would decay if left longer in the ground, she wrapped it about with cotton and made it into a pillow for her husband in his cell. Once it was stolen by the soldiers from the cell, but Mrs. Judson redeemed it by giving them a better one. Then one night Dr. Judson was hurried off to a distant prison, and his pillow was thrown out into the prison yard. There one of his faithful converts found it and took it home, because it had belonged to his loved teacher.

Dr. Judson mourned for his lost Bible, but long afterwards to his great joy he found it unimpaired in the house of his convert. Is it not wonderful that this book was saved? Dr. Judson lived to set thousands reading it and keeping its laws.—Selected.

everywhere. Are we working for God; are we in the place He wants us to be? If so, and we are following His instructions, we must not grumble or doubt. If He calls us to work hard, if results appear small, it is our privilege to retain a perfect trust in Him, and we cannot, dare not, and will not be discouraged.

But, mind you, I do not mean that we must not be careful and thoughtful in our planning for God's work. Let there be no neglect on our part. A mother whose boy is far away from home has constant thoughts of him, takes a great deal of pains over the making of some useful article for him, and, indeed, is always planning how to please him. If he is a good lad, she has no worry or trouble about him, for a constant communication is going on between the two. There is trust between them. The mother trusts her boy, and knows that he will acquaint her with
(Continued on Page Eleven.)

A Vis

The well-known auth



confronted with the word "which poor tramps, deprived disconsolately. It reminded me, but, alas the actors here played effect than any that was ever

This Shelter is wonderfully resting-rooms, smoking-rooms about 600 sleepers; bathroom apparatus, great kitchens, smoking-rooms, numbers of d stare before them vacantly. of drink or fatigue; some w in the course of their day's out and crumpling up a nu collected from the pavement according to the class of th own consumption or for sale eating the 1d. or 2d. supp Early as it was, however, of the lodgers, either in b they all undressed themsel most part slept quite nak physically, and the reflect naturalibus," that there v of males of the upper clas that make the difference

The Staff-Captain's St

In this Shelter I was honor among these peopl each other. Having so li add that the charge ma sleeping, and 1d. or 2d.

The sight of this inst most sad, more so indee this may have been becau

The Staff-Captain in c interesting that "I will r man," he was a steward terrible misfortune over as a result of the shock, near remains to him), a he drifted out to the str his object was to be ri self drunk with methy and when that failed, picked up suffering fro where he lay senseless Officer found him in where he was bathed

A Little Joke, and

That was many ye the management of t the head Officers of prevent him from ov missioner said that s the twenty-four.

One day this Staff at luncheon in a Sa entered as dreadful in letters, his bleed newspaper for a m disgusting sight. f down, and that he him with a small co

A quarter of an Captain appeared explained that he were the same pers

A Visit to an Army Shelter.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

The well-known author of "Rural England" and other works. This is a chapter from his latest book, "Regeneration."



HIS fine building is the most up-to-date Men's Shelter that the Salvation Army possesses in London. It was once the billiard works of Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, and is situated in Westminster, quite near to the Houses of Parliament. I visited it about eight o'clock in the evening, and at its entrance was confronted with the word "Pull," inscribed in chalk upon its portals, at which poor tramps, deprived of their hope of a night's lodging, were staring disconsolately. It reminded me of a playhouse upon a first-night of importance, but, alas! the actors here play in a tragedy more dreadful in its cumulative effect than any that was ever put upon the stage.

This Shelter is wonderfully equipped and organized. It contains sitting or resting-rooms, smoking-rooms, huge dormitories capable of accommodating about 600 sleepers; bathrooms, lavatories, extensive hot-water and warming apparatus, great kitchens, and buttries, and so forth. In the sitting and smoking-rooms, numbers of derelict men were seated. Some did nothing except stare before them vacantly. Some evidently were suffering from the effects of drink or fatigue; some were reading newspapers which they had picked up in the course of their day's tramp. One, I remember, was engaged in sorting out and crumpling up a number of cigar and cigarette ends which he had collected from the pavements, carefully grading the results in different heaps, according to the class of the tobacco (how strong it must be!) either for his own consumption or for sale to otherfortunates. In another place, men were eating the 1d. or 1/2d. suppers that they had purchased.

Early as it was, however, the great dormitories were crowded with hundreds of the lodgers, either in bed or in process of getting there. I noticed that they all undressed themselves, wrapping up their rags in bundles, and, for the most part slept quite naked. Many of them struck me as very fine fellows physically, and the reflection crossed my mind, seeing them thus "in puris naturalibus," that there was little indeed to distinguish them from a crowd of males of the upper class engaged, let us say, in hatching. It is the clothes that make the difference to the eye.

The Staff-Captain's Story.

In this Shelter I was told, by the way, that there exists a code of rough honor among these people, who very rarely attempt to steal anything from each other. Having so little property, they sternly respect its rights. I should add that the charge made for accommodation and food is 3d. per night for sleeping, and 1d. or 1/2d. per portion of food.

The sight of this institution crowded with human derelicts struck me as most sad, more so indeed than many others that I have seen, though, perhaps, this may have been because I was myself tired out with a long day of inspection.

The Staff-Captain in charge here told me his history, which is so typical and interesting that I will repeat it briefly. Many years ago (he is now an elderly man), he was a steward on board a P. and O. liner, and doing well. Then a terrible misfortune overwhelmed him. Suddenly his wife and child died, and, as a result of the shock, he took to drink. He attempted to cut his throat (the scar remains to him), and was put upon his trial for the offence. Subsequently he drifted on to the streets, where he spent eight years. During all this time his object was to be rid of life, the methods he adopted being to make himself drunk with methylated spirits, or any other villainous and fiery liquor, and when that failed, to sleep at night in wet grass or ditches. Once he was picked up suffering from inflammation of the lungs and carried to an infirmary, where he lay senseless for three days. The end of it was that a Salvation Army Officer found him in Oxford Street, and took him to a Shelter in Burne Street, where he was bathed and put to bed.

A Little Joke, and How Men go Down.

That was, many years ago, and now he is to a great extent responsible for the management of this Westminster Refuge. Commissioner Sturgeess, one of the head Officers of the Army, told me that their great difficulty was to prevent him from overdoing himself at this charitable task. I think the Commissioner said that sometimes he would work eighteen or twenty hours out of the twenty-four.

One day this Staff-Captain played a grim little trick upon me. I was seated at luncheon in a Salvation Army building, when the door opened, and there entered as dreadful a human object as I have ever seen. The man was clad in tatters, his bleeding feet were bound up with filthy rags; he wore a dingy newspaper for a shirt. His face was cut and plastered over roughly; he was a disgusting sight. He told me, in husky accents, that drink had brought him down, and that he wanted help. I made a few appropriate remarks, presented him with a small coin, and sent him to the Officers downstairs.

A quarter of an hour later the Staff-Captain appeared in his uniform and explained that he and the "object" were the same person. Again it was the

clothes that made the difference. Those which he had worn when he appeared at the luncheon-table were the same in which he had been picked up on the streets of London. Also he thanked me for my good advice, which he said he hoped to follow, and for the sixpence that he announced his intention of wearing on his watch-chain. For my part I felt that the laugh was against me: Perhaps if I had thought the Salvation Army capable of perpetrating a joke, I should not have been so easily deceived.

This Staff-Captain gave me much information as to the class of wanderers who frequent these Shelters. He estimated that about 50 per cent. of them sink to that level through the effects of drink. That is to say, if by the waving of some magic wand intoxicants and harmful drugs should cease to be obtainable in this country, the bulk of extreme misery which needs such succour, and it may be added of crime at large, would be lessened by one-half. This is a terrible statement, and one that seems to excuse a great deal of what is called "teetotal fanaticism." The rest, in his view, owe their fall to misfortune of various kinds, which often in its turn leads to flight to the delusive and destroying solace of drink. Thus about 25 per cent. of the total have been afflicted with sickness or acute domestic troubles. Or perhaps they are "knocked out" by shock, such as is brought on by the loss of a dearly-loved wife or child, and have never been able to recover from that crushing blow. The remainder are the victims of advancing age and of the cruel commercial competition of our day. Thus he said that the large business firms destroy and devour the small shopkeepers, as a hawk devours sparrows; and these little people of their employees, if they are past middle age, can find no other work. Especially is this the case since the Employers' Liability Acts came into operation, for now few will take on hands who are not young and very strong, as older folk must naturally be more liable to sickness and accident.

A November Night's Revelation.

Again, he told me that it has become the custom in large businesses of which the dividends are fallow, to put in a man called an "Organizer," who is often an American.

This Organizer goes through the whole staff and mercilessly dismisses the elderly or the least efficient, dividing up their work among those who remain. So these discarded men fall to rise no more and drift to the poorhouse or the Shelters or the jails, and finally into the river or a pauper's grave. First, however, many spend what may be called a period of probation on the streets, where they sleep at night under arches or on stairways, or on the inhospitable flagstones and benches of the Embankment, even in winter.

The Staff-Captain informed me that on one night during the previous November he counted no less than 120 men, women and children sleeping in the wet on or in the neighborhood of the Embankment. Think of it—in this one place! Think of it, you whose women and children, to say nothing of yourselves, do not sleep on the Embankment in the wet in November. It may be answered that they might have gone to the casual ward, where there are generally vacancies. I suppose that they might, but so perverse are many of them that they do not. Indeed, often they declare bluntly that they would rather go to prison than to the casual ward, as in prison they are more kindly treated.

Midnight Soup Distribution.

The reader may have noted as he drove along the Embankment or other London thoroughfares at night in winter, long queues of people waiting their turn to get something. What they are waiting for is a cup of soup and, perhaps, an opportunity of sheltering till the dawn, which soup and shelter are supplied by the Salvation Army, and sometimes by other charitable organizations. I asked whether this provision of gratis food did in fact pauperize the population, as has been alleged. The Staff-Captain answered that men do not as a rule stop out in the middle of the winter till past midnight to get a pint of soup and a piece of bread. Of course, there might be exceptions; but for the most part those who take this charity, do so because it is sorely needed.

The cost of these midnight meals is reckoned by the Salvation Army at about £8 per 1,000, including the labor involved in cooking and distribution. This money is paid from the Army's Central Fund, which collects subscriptions for that special purpose.

"Of course, our midnight soup has its critics," said one of the Officers who has charge of its distribution; "but all I know is that it saves many from jumping into the river."

During the past winter, that is from November 3, 1909, to March 24, 1910, 163,101 persons received free accommodation and food at the hands of the Salvation Army in connexion with its Embankment Soup Distribution Charity.

Our Serial Story.

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

BEING THE REMARKABLE LIFE STORY OF THE LATE MAJOR JACK STOKER.

Summary of Previous Chapters.—Jack started work in the pits when only ten, and had a very hard boyhood. His father was a drunkard until, when Jack was about seventeen, he got him to a chapel, where he was converted. Jack wanted a sober father, but not a religious one, and was not altogether pleased. He, however, later married a godly young woman, who made him so happy and his home so comfortable that he felt he had gained Paradise. The tragic and early death of his wife roused Jack to a frenzy of grief, and he plunged into a life of reckless drunkenness.



Public House Fight in the old days at Blyth
Behind the door stood a man with uplifted poker. Two women were clutched and tearing at each other's flesh and hair before him.

After all, Jack's state of mind was simple enough. Great grief makes the soul-level on which we have dwelt before it came intolerable—as intolerable as it makes the floors we have walked, the garden fences we have leaned on, and the nursery things we have handled. One must, for sheer sanity's sake, climb higher or sink lower. Up or down we go, for different spiritual air and environment and new soul-associations. And Stoker had absolutely no intelligent distractions; to him reading was labor; music was only to be had at the pub sing-songs. His day's work occupied nothing but his hands, and somehow the religion which had changed his father's life had never been comprehensible to Jack. He recognized its work of reformation—nothing more. Up or down he must go; and, seeing nothing higher than those dead ten months of sober, honest, wedded life, he deliberately stepped down.

"Blyth is a very quiet and orderly place," kindly explained to us a lady, in the little train which took us from Newcastle one night. We suggested that it was probably an exception to the general run of mining and shipping places. She thought it was. Nobody ever seemed to get drunk or make a row. Indeed, she contemptuously hinted that it was a queer field for our rough Army operations!

We turned our eyes out into the dark and the night, and watched the pictures which grew before them. There glowed the windows of a Blyth public-house, behind whose door stood a man with a

lifted poker. Two women were clutched and tearing at each other's flesh and hair before him, while he waited to dash out the brains of the one who was his sister if she let herself be beaten!

There rose a church porch with a strange bridal party leaving it—three drunken men and an unembarrassed bride, all crowded into a carriage together. As the carriage drives off, one of the men is flung head first through the window. Jack Stoker! Picking himself up, he mounts a goat which is browsing by the wayside, and essays to ride after the carriage. The fact that the goat speedily throws him off into a duck-pond does not prevent his appearance at the wedding breakfast, to help the bridegroom keep his vow of a "seven days' drunk."

At the time of the year when the lady passenger with whom we spoke doubtless goes to harvest homes in church, men and women in that other world, out

of which so many of our Soldiers have come, go to "doorn suppers" in public-houses in these little villages around, and enact orgies which those who have taken part in them say are "a disgrace for human beings to look upon." She goes to midnight mass, or a watch-night service on the last night of the Old Year. Jack Stoker was wont to sit out his thirty-firsts of December in public-house convocations, which generally chose him "first-foot."

Very likely you have as little idea as the placid lady passenger of what a "first-foot" may be. As to what it may be, it may on no consideration be a fair man, or a man whose eyebrows meet over his forehead, or a man whose hair doesn't part easily. The "first-foot's" business is to bring good luck to this end he opens the door of the public-house which has honored him, at six in the morning, dressed in some curious garb, and tastes every kind of liquor sold in the house.

Jack Stoker was a very favorite "first-foot," and his New Year's memories of those days were horrid with drunkenness and rioting and fighting, and of clamorous hordes of human wild beasts.

Blyth was no rougher than other northern towns. Ways of life were ruder, social laws laxer up there.

Jack Stoker had no taste for actual vice, and he was not cruel by nature. But, given a mad desire for distraction and a state of life such as we are trying to shadow, not picture, one can readily see that his own account of his doings was not likely to be over-colored. His mother's restraining hand fell shortly after his wife's, and only the clutching, aimless baby-fingers had any hold on his heart.

"Mother had been seeking me one night," he said, "after father was in bed. I'd no jacket, and stood with my back against a telegraph-post. She put her arm round me, and her tears fell on my greasy waistcoat.

"You'll not see me many more times, Jack," she said. 'I've come once more.'

"A few days after that they fetched me, drunk, out of the 'Dun Cow,' to see my mother die.

"My lad," she gasped, 'can't you help your poor mother? Think of your father and the children—I see the angels—hovering—they're coming for me.'

"That was just before Christmas, and on New Year's morning I fought a man on the doorstep of the pub as I went out, and broke my thumb.

"When my little sister awakened and heard the Primitive singers on Christmas morning, she ran out in her night-dress into the snow and called out, 'Are you the angels bringing my mother back?'

"I went fair to the bad then. I was strong, but, fortunately, I had no science in fighting. Four of my companions of that time lost their lives through drink. Me and another lad had a public-house row and pulled down the gas fixtures; and after that there was a flower-show they begged me to go to; but I'd had

enough, and I said, 'No, and go to work.' In another row came up, and men knifed another. He got seven years. When he got out I converted, and I met him and saved. But that comes after.

"I wasn't so fierce, you know, like my mate Bickerton, whom were afraid would kill them when he had a little liquor—but always so fun and distraction, wanting to forget my sorrow, looking for what and what I could do next to laugh and to laugh. I've walked into a man's house and took possession of it, and thrust him in the presence of his wife. What interfere? Bless you, yes! But there's not many police, and you always know whereabouts a policeman was, and you didn't go there.

"I was never much for dogs. Bickerton was a dogman, but I was all for pigeon-flying and birds. Once I'd a pigeon set for a handicap. You put the pigeons all in a box together, and let 'em out at a public-house and see which will get home first.

"I knew my pigeon couldn't win, but a man who was on the committee told me the private mark which the committee put on the pigeons, and I told two other fellows, and we came and brought up pigeons to the public-house which had this mark on, as if they'd been pigeons let out of the box, which had never been out of their coons all the while. We were all three running with 'em under our coats, trying not to bring his pigeon in first, when I thought me it was raining, and I called out, 'Bob, stop with that pigeon; he'll be locked up over this job. We've fetched dry pigeons, man! How could a pigeon have flown two miles a day like this, and not be wet? Fetch 'em back, and we'll put 'em in the gutter!'

"But he didn't hear, and the other fellow didn't think. So they came in with their dry pigeons, and I came in with my drugged one, and the referee said I was the only honest man in the lot, and my wet pigeon won.

"Another time, I remember, I went to steal a special fancy pigeon that I wanted to breed. My mate was very nervous. When we got into the pigeon-loft, sure enough a man came to the bottom of the ladder after we were up. 'He'll shoot us,' said my mate. 'I'll shoot him,' said I. 'Take that pigeon and give me the stick.' So I hit the boards with a great bang, and then I made a hit at the man. He ran as if he was shot.

"Another time I sold a man a pigeon for five shillings, and stole it back the next Saturday night, and went to help the man look for it all over, with the very pigeon tucked away in the breast of my shirt.

"I didn't do these things so much for stealing as for the fun."

The Kaiser's Sons.

In the course of a recent speech the German Emperor praised the Empress, whom he said was an example to German mothers because she has brought up six sons who realize their responsibility to the State. "Serious, energetic men," the Emperor described them, "who are not inclined to take advantage of the comforts and enjoyments of their rank and position, like many of the present-day youths, but have devoted their strength to the fatherland in hard and strict fulfillment of duty, and, should a serious occasion arise, are ready cheerfully to sacrifice their lives on the altar of their country."

September 18th, 1914

The

The illustrations on this taken from the London Spectator, an irony all their possess on the top of the page do that on the top of the page do scene which actually took place not long ago in connection with the dock strikes at Liverpool. This savage proceeding known in a thoroughfare known in a Christian street. It will be served that the rioters are serving down a wall for warfare against the police that a woman is assisting carrying bricks in her apron horse was shot after its been broken by a missile.

The Coronation at Benin.

Contrast that scene with other which depicts the coronation of Benin in West Africa. This is the place where years ago human sacrifice offered to horrible fetich gods has no part of the Empire. This district. The peace of the Coronation Day in Africa marks the fact bloodthirsty despot has been to the throne, but the peace was continuing in its beneficent sway in terrorized land. Under umbrella of state staff, official with his staff, 3000 as happily as a M. tival.

Unequal Conditions.

Speaking recently in a corner stone laying, George, British Chancellor, said that the multitudes in the



Our Serial Story.

Seeing that many friends of the Army attend the meetings only on Sundays, when it is illegal to sell them "The War Cry," may be suggest that our comrades announce from the platform on Sunday evenings the character of the magnificent serial story that is now being published in our pages. Judging from the correspondence we have received, there is no feature of "The War Cry" more eagerly read than the serial, or continued, story. And a more thrilling or miraculous life story than that of Major Jack Stoker has rarely if ever appeared. It cannot fail to be a blessing to all who read it.

Announce it, and get someone to take the names of the friends who would like the Cry delivered at their homes.

The world and its ways

The illustrations on this page taken from the London Sphere possess an irony all their own. That on the top of the page depicts a scene which actually took place not long ago in connection with the dock strikes at Liverpool. This savage proceeding occurred in a thoroughfare known as Christian street. It will be observed that the rioters are breaking down a wall for weapons of warfare against the police, and that a woman is assisting by carrying bricks in her apron. The horse was shot after its leg had been broken by a missile.

notwithstanding grinding toil, didn't earn enough to keep body and soul together. "On the other hand," he continued, "some who neither toil nor spin have a superabundance. As long as these conditions exist there will be social outbursts.

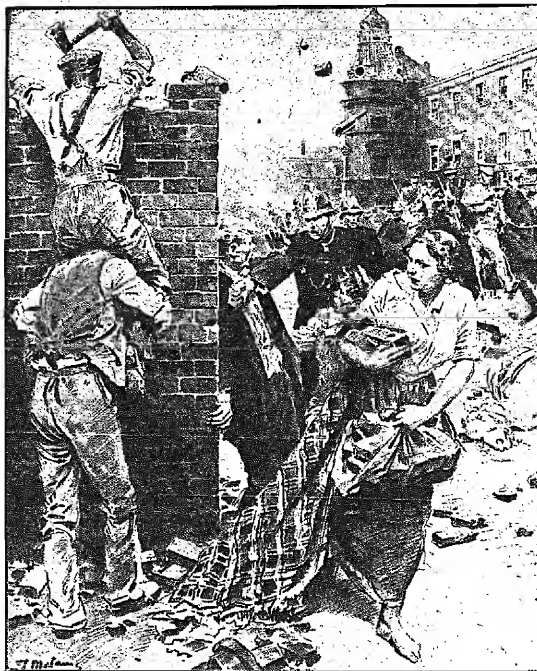
There are members of Christian churches who never have missed a delicacy, yet they become angry when another class of the population makes an effort to ameliorate its condition. Let them honestly search out causes and cease reviling, let them consider the conditions under which millions of poor workers live."

Stop Mouth Breathing.

"The habit of mouth breathing must be stopped absolutely," says Dr. W. L. Howard in Munsey's Magazine. "Only by the air being filtered through the nose can we remain germ-proof. Remember this.

"The main channel through which poisonous germs enter the body is the breathing apparatus—the nose and mouth; sometimes the ear. The germs of tuberculosis, pneumonia, spinal meningitis, diphtheria, poliomyelitis, tonsillitis reach the body through the nose and mouth.

"The recent state of civilization calls for constant care and watchfulness in methods of breathing and in the hygiene of throat and nose. Automobiles and trolleys rushing along the city streets keep in motion millions of germs. Heaps of dried manure are churned into dust; its hidden germs are turned out and sent through our window-screens, and on to our pillows, for us to breathe in, unless nose and throat are germ-proof.



A Riotous Episode at Liverpool.

"They can be made germ-proof only by cleanliness and right breathing.

40,000 Harvest Hands.

The C. P. R. and the U. N. H. have carried 40,000 men to the West this year to harvest the crops. Of this number 31,000 have come from Eastern Canada, and the remainder from the south. Weather conditions are favourable for the harvesting operations, and it is expected that threshing will be in full swing this week.

The "Mother of Parliaments."

Speaking at Westminster Hall, Mr. Emmott said: "It is a very common error to suppose that 'the Mother of Parliaments' is the Imperial Parliament, but error it is (though we have very likely been guilty of it ourselves). It was John Bright who invented the phrase, when he said (January 18, 1865): 'England is the Mother of Parliaments. The Imperial Parliament is not the Mother, but the Eldest Child.'

Cleaning Cleopatra's Needle.

It would be interesting to know precisely what Pharaoh Thothmes III. would say if he could live again and see not only where the great needle erected by him some 3,000 years ago at Heliopolis has been reposing for the last thirty-three years, but more particularly could see what was happening to it at the present moment. The probability is, if he were the wise man history records him to have been, he would say nothing at all, but like the Psalmist of old would seat him down by the still waters—in this case of the Thames—and

weep. This mighty monument of the Egyptian past, which Ramesses the Great has adorned with inscriptions, that has graced the royal city of Cleopatra at Alexandria and survived innumerable adventures, is surrounded by a network of scaffolding and is being thoroughly cleaned by order of the London County Council, for which purpose the sum of £100 has been laid aside. —London Sphere.

Teach Children Obedience.

A preacher at the Winona Bible Conference pointed out that what American children most needed to be taught was obedience to authority. "Anarchy is not born in Chicago's Haymarket Square, but in the slums," he declared. "If a boy does not obey his father or mother it is incipient anarchy. I do not blame the sixteen-year-old girls for the way they dress. There is not a girl of that age who knows enough to dress as she ought. That is the reason she needs a mother.

"I asked a successful dog trainer how he did his work, and he replied: 'I take the dogs when they are pups and then I get complete control over them and keep them doing the same thing over and over again until it becomes second nature.'

"This is the secret of bringing up children. God gives them to us when they are absolutely helpless in our hands, and He expects us to train them until goodness becomes a second nature. The man who said he raised his boys on prayers and hickory had the secret. Never lie to your children. It is lying parents who most quickly break down their children's integrity."

The Coronation at Benin.

Contrast that scene with the other which depicts the celebration of the coronation of King George at Benin in West Africa. This is the place where a few years ago human sacrifices were offered to horrible fetiches. Perhaps no part of the Empire benefits more from British rule than this district. The peaceful sports of the Coronation Day in West Africa marks the fact that no bloodthirsty despot has succeeded to the throne, but that British peace was continuing to exercise its beneficent sway in this once-terrorized land. Under the great umbrella of state sat the British official with his staff, and all went off as happily as a May-day festival.

Unequal Conditions.

Speaking recently at a chapel corner stone laying, Mr. Lloyd George, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, said that there were multitudes in the country, who



Celebrating the Coronation at Benin.

Band Chat.

Staff-Captain Goodwin of Ottawa I. has written to the Editor as follows:

My Dear Brigadier,—We have a Bandsman—Bro. C. Thomas—in the Ottawa I. Corps who has distinguished himself in a way that I thought might receive some mention in the War Cry. He has recently received a silver medal and a first-class certifi-



Bandsman C. Thomas (and Wife.)

cate (signed by Lady Grey) from the judges in the Lady Grey Garden Competition, Ottawa, for 1910. He secured this against all comers in the city. The highest number of points attained by any competitor was 270, and 200 were attained by Bandsman Thomas. There were over 60 entries.

We congratulate our brother on his success.

The little Band at Amherst Corps is still improving, and we are getting on well with No. 2 Band Book, under the able leadership of Bandmaster N. Taylor, who takes great interest in the men. We number only 41 players at present, but hope to increase our band in the near future. We would like to hear from a Bandmaster, having a set of No. 2 Band Books for sale.

"Victoria Silver Band," writes a correspondent in that city in British Columbia, "has the distinction of being the Band farthest west in the British Empire."

[Where is the Band with the distinction of being farthest East?—Ed.]

Toronto I. Band has welcomed Bandsman James, who has taken up Eb. bass.

The Band's next appointment away from the home Corps is at the marriage of its Bandmaster—Captain Ernest Pugmire—which is to take place at the Temple on September 14th.

Adjutant Peacock, who recently visited Regina and Winnipeg, speaks well of the Bands which he saw and heard. At Regina there is a nice-sized Band under Bandmaster Henderson, new journals have been purchased. The fact that a number of the chased and are being played is evidence of the Band's progress. The Bandsmen lead the Wednesday night meeting every week.

Winnipeg III. Band has sixteen or seventeen players, and, according to (Continued on Page Eleven.)

Britain's Financial Secretary for Immigration GIVES HIS IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA TO A WAR CRY INTERVIEWER

Plenty of Opportunities for Workers.



CHEERY, optimistic Officer, somewhat below the average in height but of goodly proportions otherwise; hair that is turning grey, a rubicund countenance, and a smile that won't come off—such is Brigadier Hamments, the Financial Secretary of the British Emigration Department. Both in appearance and manners he reminds one somewhat of the late Staff-Captain Manton. In conversation with him recently a War Cry interviewer elicited the following facts concerning his career. He became an Officer in 1880, coming out of Bristol. After training he was commissioned Captain, and sent to open the town of Londwater. From there he was sent to open Olney. He was then placed in

travelled from ocean to ocean. Mrs. Hamments had accompanied him as far as Toronto, in which city she stayed while the Brigadier went west. They travelled to Quebec on the Laurentic, having charge of a party of 150 emigrants. During the trip several meetings were held and a splendid impression was made. Learning one day that a young woman in the party was much troubled over her spiritual condition the Brigadier went up to her when she was standing apart from all others and tactfully asked her if she did not desire to get right with God. She replied that she did, and there and then the Brigadier pointed her to Christ. "And now Brigadier," we said, "after having seen our country, what do you think of it?"



Brigadier and Mrs. Hamments.

charge of the Statistical Department at the Headquarters of the Central Division. A. D. C. to a Provincial Commander was his next appointment, and then he became Financial Secretary for the International Training Homes, serving under Commissioners Howard and Rees, and the Field Commissioner, respectively. A period of service as Chancellor of the East London Province came next, and then he was placed in charge of the Finance and Audit Department for the British Field. Later on he was appointed Property Secretary for Great Britain. Three years ago he was appointed to his present position in the Emigration Department.

"And what has brought you over to Canada, Brigadier?" we asked, as he concluded the brief story of his Army career.

"Business," was the brief reply.

On further inquiry we learned that his business was to gain practical experience of our immigration methods in this country, and for that purpose he had

in the West impress you, really speaking?" we next asked. "Well, to be candid," he replied, "I thought they were all much occupied in buying and selling land. All day long I talk on the trains was nothing else but land, land, land, when I got to Calgary the first man who greeted me enquired if I had come to buy a lot—it was he had just the very thing for right price, etc., etc. Yes, the people of the West are crazy about land."

"But how did The Salvation Army in the West strike you, Brigadier?"

"As keeping pace with the growth of the country," he replied, "for enterprise, loyalty, and devotion I guess the Salvationists of the West are hard to beat. They're going some, right enough. I spent a week-end at Vancouver, and Sunday at Calgary and Edmonton, and was greatly impressed with the splendid opportunities before the Army out there."

"Did you have an opportunity of seeing the Army at work in the prisons of this country?"

"Yes, I visited several Penitentiaries, and I think that the system they have out here for assisting prisoners to reform is excellent. Why the Army gets such opportunities is because it has shown itself able to do the work required, and it appears to me that in this country the people who can do the work are the people who are asked to do it irrespective of class distinctions. Thus the Army gets in every time. I think the attitude of the authorities towards the Army was well expressed by a Warden of a Western Penitentiary when he said to me: 'When you go back to your country you can tell them that The Salvation Army out here is a great factor in the reforming of prisoners. We welcome them whenever they come and give them every opportunity for carrying on their good work.'"

"Was there anything else that impressed you out West, Brigadier?"

"Yes, the Grace Hospital at Winnipeg. I have never seen an Army Institution like it before."

"So the state of the Army in Canada is fully up to your expectations therefore?"

"It exceeds my expectations, and when I think of all the opportunities that are before the Army here I feel like exclaiming: 'Behold what manner of men ought we to be!' Whole-souled, consecrated men and women, fully alive to their responsibilities and opportunities is the great need of The Salvation Army in Canada to-day."

"How would you like to be stationed here yourself, Brigadier?"

"Well," said the Brigadier, diplomatically evading a direct answer, "one place is as good as another to me, providing the Army is there." Whereupon he made his escape from the interviewer.

After visiting Ottawa and Montreal, the Brigadier and his wife are returning to England at once on the Megantic.

Calgary Band has placed on order with the Tailoring Department at T. H. Q. for a new winter uniform. There are rumours of other Bands soon to appear in new garb.

September 16th, 1911.

U. S. VISITORS AT NEW WESTMINSTER

(From the "British Columbian.") Special services were conducted in the Army Citadel on Sunday. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Smecton, of Chicago, old friends in the city, were the principal speakers in the afternoon and evening meetings. They were assisted by Major Morris of Vancouver, and Captain Maclean and Lieutenant Fairhurst, the local staff officers. Crowded audiences were present and listened appreciatively to the ringing appeals of the Colonel, his wife and the other Officers. Mrs. Smecton gave a graphic sketch of the important social and spiritual work of the Army in Chicago, and incidentally gratulated the citizens of Westminster upon their devout observance and the religious tranquility of the Sabbath in their midst, so much in contrast with the conditions prevailing in other portions of the world. The musical portion of the services were greatly enhanced by the performances of Vancouver No. 11 Band, and in the evening Captain Maclean and Lieut. Fairhurst rendered several beautiful solos with their usual sweetness. An interesting money was the celebration "Dedication" ceremony of infant sons of Major Morris, Sergeant-Major French, dedicated to the service of the Army under the flag. The services were most successful. The services were most successful.

AMONG THE B.C. INDIANS

News from Pt. Ess.

On our front page we have some striking pictures from our Indian Mission at Port Essington. The photo group is of excellent interest, and the names of the comrades in the front row, from left to right, are: Sergt.-Major Mathakhila, Alaska; Sergt.-Major Melakata, Auckland; Sergt.-Major Douglas, Port Essington; Captain W. Moody, Port Simpson; Haidean, Metlakatla.

Our Port Essington correspondent writes: "I attended the meetings on the 13th. He was assisted by Sergt.-Major Douglas and Mather; also by Moody, and Feak, McKay. In the Holy baptism of the Holy Spirit, and many were attended by and much blessing was poured upon the thirty comrades from the G. dimaul, Port Simpson, Metlakatla (B.C.) were with us."

In the night many sought salvation.

Palmerston, O. night, August 10, forced by Envoys Corps Cadet Da who brought with the old-time first gathered around meetings.—J. S.

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AMONG THE B.C. INDIANS.

News from Pt. Essington.

On our front page we reproduce some striking photographs from our Indian Mission Station at Port Essington. The central photo group is of exceptional interest, and the names of the comrades in the front row, reading from left to right, are as follows: Sergt.-Major Makher of Mathakhtla, Alaska; Sergt.-Major Auckland, Metlakatla, B. C.; Sergt.-Major Douglas, Port Essington; Captain W. Kerr, Commanding Officer of the Corps; Envoy Peak, Port Essington; Envoy Moody, Port Simpson, and Envoy Haldean, Metlakatla, Alaska.

Our Port Essington correspondent writes: "Captain Kerr led the meetings on Sunday, Aug. 13th. He was assisted by Sergeants-Major Douglas, Auckland, and Mather; also Envoys Haldean, Moody, and Peak, and Treasurer McKay. In the Holiness meeting a number of souls sought a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost. The afternoon and night open-air were attended by good crowds and much blessing. The marches comprised thirty and fifty soldiers on the respective occasions. Comrades from Glen Vowell, Andimaul, Port Simpson, and both Metlakatla (B. C. and Alaska) were with us.

In the night, meeting three souls sought salvation.

Palmerston, Ont.—On Saturday night, August 10th, we were reinforced by Envoy Mrs. Dawson and Corps Cadet Dawson of Guelph, who brought with them some of the old-time fire. A good crowd gathered around our open-air meeting.—J. S. C.

Walking with God.

Holiness is not only a state but a way, and not only a way, but a highway, wherein the redeemed are to walk; and walking along that highway we shall always have Christ at our side.

(Continued from Last Week.)

II. Fellowship.

When we speak of having fellowship with Christians, we mean that we have union of hearts. As we speak together heart goes out to heart. Close friendship and familiarity are always engendered when kindred spirits walk much together. They become communicative. One tells his trouble, and the other tries to console him under it, and then imparts his own secrets in return. "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." No human friendship can be half so close and intimate as that which the lowliest Christian can have with His Saviour. In the New Testament the Christian's relationship to Christ is represented as a personal conscious acquaintance with Him, which ripens into a close and tender friendship. Such is the mutual confidence now blessedly established between God and redeemed man, that even here on earth it is true that the Lord talks with Abraham, and through him, with all the family of the faithful, "face to face as a man talketh with his friend."

It has been well said, "If you walk with God, you must talk with God, or you will soon cease to walk with Him." But the intercourse is not one-sided. We must listen as well as pray. "He that hath an ear to hear let him hear." On the one side we overhear God saying to Himself, "Shall I hide from Abraham the thing that I do?" And on the other we hear the child of God complaining with him, "The Lord hath hid it from me and not told me." We talk to Him, unbosoming our secrets, opening our hearts as we cannot do to any earthly creature. He talks to us quite as freely, allowing us to look into His heart and work as He explains the purpose of His grace, opening up with a friend's generous confidence the hearing of the yoke, the cross, and the thorn, upon our future, with Him and for Him.

What blessed revelations about the Father, the covenant, and the kingdom come daily to those who have formed with Christ this close, intimate, and indissoluble friendship. There is a story told of a merchant prince of Glasgow, who was walking with a friend through the crowded streets of the city, when suddenly the companion heard him say, "Oh, man, go on a bit. The Lord Jesus is wanting a talk with me." It was so.

He heard the whisper of the Holy Spirit, he felt the trysting tap of his Saviour, and dropped behind to let his soul go out in holy converse with his Lord. Need we wonder that the friend was awed as he beheld the heavenly light in the countenance of the praying one, and that he lifted his hat as he watched the soul have its visions of open heavens and a present Saviour. Men who walk with God understand in their own real experience what it is to hear the soft footfall of the Divine Master, and to hear His whisperings in their hearts.

Many Christians are in too great a hurry to know this life of intimate fellowship with Christ. The Master comes to abide with them, but the place is too confused, and He withdraws. "As thy servant was busy here and there, He was gone." We must make time for meditative habits and communion with God. The soul grows thin in its activities. Says Dean Vaughan, "Many a Christian's incessant action is the grave of his spiritual life."

III. Progress.

God never goes back, and if we walk with Him, we never shall. Walking is a regular, uniform motion, step by step, each one in advance of the last. It is not a rush, a leap, a spurt, but a steady progress from one point to another. Those who walk with God are not always speaking of palm days and bright hours of fellowship that are gone. It is better with them now than ever in the past. They do not now and then climb to ecstatic heights and then descend into the valley of lake-warmness. The Christian life with them means steady progress. They go from point to point, from strength to strength, enjoying more, loving more, understanding more, receiving more, and giving more—in all respects they go forward. Such Christians are never satisfied with present experience, "the goal of yesterday is always the starting-point of to-day." Napoleon believed that still further conquests were necessary to the existence of his empire, that only by pushing its bounds farther and farther could he retain the territory he had conquered. In the Christian life this is certainly true. Going forward is the only security against going back. It is much to be born of the Spirit, and still more to be filled with the Spirit, but these experiences do not exempt us from the

necessity of daily progress in Divine things. By slow degrees the likeness of Christ is perfected, as day by day we sensibly dwell in the secret of His presence.

Walking with God means step by step in the will of God. A man who carries a lantern at night does not see the whole path home; the lantern lights only a single step in advance; but when that step is taken another is lighted, and so on until the end of the journey. In like manner God lights our way. He makes one step plain, and when we take that, another, and then another. We have nothing to do with life in the aggregate. Each moment brings its duties, responsibilities, burdens, and needs. Our business is to live a moment at a time, and that moment for God. Dr. Kitt's advice is: "Think not on a holy life, but on a holy moment as it flies. The first overwhelms by its immensity, the other sweetens and refreshes by its lightness and present stimulus; and yet a succession of holy moments constitutes a holy life."

The question of great or small has no place here. We cannot live a life greater or grander than to be led step by step in all life's details by the Spirit of God. Progress always lies along the path that God chooses. The great thing is never to lose the thread of the Lord's leading. Obedience secures uninterruptedly the Divine presence. It is only in that path that we can go forward. Those who have learned thus to walk with God so live in "the practice" of the Master's presence that it becomes impossible to live without Him, and gradually, little by little, the transformation into His likeness proceeds, even as by the Spirit of the Lord, until in the beatific vision we see Him face to face, and the likeness is complete.—New Testament Holiness.

GOOD TIDINGS FROM CRANBROOK

Cranbrook, B.C.—While Lieut. Stride and Sister Hyslop were holding meetings in the lumber camps, the meetings on Tuesday and Thursday were in charge of Bros. Gallimore and Smith. Lieut. Lewis has just arrived to assist the Captain. We have another addition to our Band in a brother who came from Spokane and joined us in the open air. The townspeople are looking with great interest at what is going on in Army circles, as this place is supposed to be one of the "hardest" Corps. Two souls knelt at the Cross on Sunday, and two comrades were recently added to the Soldiers' Roll.—Wm. Corr., E. Smith and S. H.

Triton.—On Sunday, August 13, Ensign Moulton said good-bye. For two years the Ensign has laboured faithfully here, and many souls have been converted. The night's meeting will long be remembered. One soul found Salvation.—Interested.

Thedford.—We had with us this week-end Assistant Sergt.-Major Bailey of Sarulia, who took part in the meetings. Captain G. Taylor has been appointed to take charge. He was formerly stationed here as Lieutenant. The Soldiers are sticking to their guns. The congregations are growing.

The Lovely Fall Weather

Is now approaching. It is the season for hustling. Can't you have a look at that "War Cry" circulation of yours and give it a little shake up?

During the past five years seventy-eight Corps HAVE BEEN STATIONARY IN THEIR "WAR CRY" ORDER; seventy-two HAVE DECREASED, and sixty-five HAVE INCREASED THEIR ORDER. (The balance consists of Corps opened during the past five years.)

Just see if you can't get the Corps out of the rut it is in. Remember, when the winter comes on, and you can't keep up the spurt you have put on in the fall, you can come back to the old figure.

Please Note: An increase of six copies per Corps will put the average Corps sales of the Canadian "War Cry" in front of the "War Cry" of the world.

BILLETS ! BILLETS !!

TORONTO CONGRESS!

All Officers attending the Anniversary Congress in October and in need of Billets should communicate forthwith with Lieut.-Colonel Turner, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED for the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Press, 18 Albert St., Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink on by typewriter, and on both sides of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S.A. Temple, Toronto. All matters relating to subscriptions, dispatch and change of address, to the Trade Secretary. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to the Salvation Army.

WHAT ABOUT THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

In a few weeks the dates fixed for the Harvest Festival will be upon us. That is the time for energetic and sustained action—the time when plans will be put into effect. That being so, this is obviously the time for scheming and thinking hard; the time when soldiers shall be consulted and some deep head work put into being. Are you doing that? Every harvest must be preceded by ploughing and seeding. There is no reaping without that, so let every comrade do his or her utmost at the present time to ensure a fruitful Harvest Festival effort. As will be seen by the Harvest Festival Guide, nearly two-thirds of the amount realized by this effort goes direct into the pockets of the Field Officers who are in adverse circumstances, while every cent, less the expenses of the effort, goes back into the field. So in all the efforts that comrades put into the working up of this festival they can be sustained by the noble sentiment that they are working for the benefit of their comrades in need. Plan now, and act later.

The home of the Editor has been subjected to a sudden upheaval. John Bond, junior, has exhibited scarlet fever, and for six weeks the Editor will be barred from entering his own house. We are happy to say the Editor's son is doing very well indeed, but we assure the sympathies of the War Cry readers will be with Mrs. Bond, who is shut in, and with the Brigadier, who is shut out.

Ridgetown.—We have been favoured by a week-end visit from Bro. F. Barker and mother of St. Thomas. The meetings were well attended, and the music from Bro. Barker's cornet and guitar as well as the vocal solo and duets from this comrade and his mother, were greatly enjoyed.

Captain Clark is hard at the H. E. collecting in the absence of Lieut. Dray, who is on furlough. —Hope.

His universal love and the possibility of all being saved who will repent and avail themselves of His mercy, is a cardinal point in Christ's redemption plan.

Hamilton I. Band in Toronto.

A Splendid Week-end of Musical Feasts and Soul-Saving.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY PRESIDES AT THE WELCOME TEA.

It was "Hamilton Day" at the Canadian National Exhibition on Saturday Sept. 2nd, and, in the words of the Chief Secretary, "what could be more fitting on that day than the visit to Toronto of the Hamilton I. Silver Band?" True, the city had that morning welcomed the famous Coldstream Guards musicians, but The Salvation Army welcomed not only a Band, but a force of men whose musical fame is backed up by a proud record of 750 years' combined service in the Salvation War—an average of seventeen years per man.

At 5 o'clock (an hour after their arrival), the visitors and their comrades of the Temple Band sat down to a tea in the Council Chamber at Territorial Headquarters. The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Mapp presided, and on that account the Bandsmen felt particularly honored. The entrance of the Colonels was greeted with a lusty cheer.

All appetites being fully satisfied, Brigadier Morehen, the commander of the Toronto Division, called upon Ensign Hanagan, the Temple Bandmaster, to say a few words of welcome to the Hamiltonians. That was an easy task for the Ensign, seeing that at one time he himself was a Hamilton Bandsman and afterwards the Bandmaster there. Consequently, the applause he received was extremely hearty. Bandmaster Woodard followed with short but pithy little address, emphasizing the chief aim of the Band's visit and incidentally making reference to his 28 years as a fighter for God.

Of course, the Bandsmen eagerly awaited the Chief Secretary's address, and when he rose they gave him a tremendous cheer.

In expressing his pleasure at being able to preside over such a gathering, and at seeing the Hamilton Band in Toronto once more, the Colonel told a little story of two men, one of whom remarked that the other looked very sorrowful. "Yes," he replied, "I have just heard that Mr. So-and-so is recovering from his illness." "Well, aren't you glad?" asked the other. "No," was the reply, "I owe him \$50!" Said the Colonel, in applying: "We in Toronto are not at all sorry to see you, Hamilton Bandsmen; we are glad, although we feel deeply indebted to you for your splendid service in yonder city." Continuing, the Chief Secretary said that Army Bandsmen always drew out his profoundest admiration because of their noble sacrifice and toil week after week. They were ever in his mind, and the fact that the last meeting he conducted before his illness was with the Temple Band, and that they had, out of love, visited him during that period, had deepened his interest in the Band. Finally, he urged the men to bear in mind during the week-end these words: Let your life, your walk, your work, be yoked in the exercise of all noble end.

Amid loud applause, the Chief Secretary sat down, and after the

Doxology the gathering dispersed.

SATURDAY'S FESTIVAL.

Two stirring open-air and then the festival of music in the Temple which has seldom if ever held a more appreciative crowd. Lt.-Col. Turner presided, and was assisted by Brig. Morehen. A commander of the Temple Corps, Staff-Captain Coombs extended a warm welcome to the visitors, and then related a striking incident showing how the music of an Army Band was used to bring a sick man to God. Band Secretary Ridgeway next introduced the various members by means of an original recitation. The "inascot" (the little son of Bandsman Marriotti) caused some amusement both by his presence (in Band uniform), on the platform and throughout the week-end, by marching at the head of the processions.

The programme included the "Crowns of Victory" and "Penitence" marches by the Temple and Hamilton Bands united. Both Bands were in good form, and the latter especially proved it by their rendering of "Swiss Melodies II." later on. The recitations, vocal and instrumental solos, quintettes and quartettes were well chosen and well received. "Abide With Me," sung by the whole Band, was a special favourite, and sent the crowds home with great expectations for the Sunday. When almost everybody had left the Hall, two men, under deep conviction of sin, knelt at the penitent-form. A number of Bandsmen gathered round them, and soon the wanderers were able to confess Christ as their Saviour. It was a good finish and a good augury for the morrow.

SUNDAY.

A good crowd was present at the Holiness Meeting led by Staff-Captain Coombs. Band Secretary Ridgeway (Hamilton) led a bright testimony meeting, and several of the visitors spoke. Bandsman McClune, an old Temple man, soloed, and the Staff-Captain read the lesson. A man sought full salvation at the close.

Down-town Toronto was fairly roused by the afternoon open-air and marches. The Bands brought hundreds of people along with them, and the Temple was crowded. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire presided. He was introduced to the audience by Ensign Hanagan as "the Bandsman's friend," and in replying called for a standing welcome to the Hamilton men. Assisted by the Temple musicians, they provided a veritable tornado of Salvation music and song. The program opened with "The Victory" march and closed with something equally triumphant. During the afternoon Colonel Pugmire dedicated to God and The Army the infant child of Bro. and Sister F. Dobney, of Detroit, late of the Temple.

At night, every seat in the Temple was occupied before the Bands arrived from the open-air. In their wake came several hundred persons for whom there

was no room whatever. It took Ensign Hanagan and Staff-Capt. Coombs but a few seconds to decide what to do. The Temple Band would conduct an overflow meeting; and they did, with splendid results. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire was in charge.

Brigadier Morehen piloted the inside meeting, and was assisted by Brigadier Bond, also Adjutant Vallance of England. The Band repeated the song "Abide With Me," and played with considerable feeling "Songs of Heaven" and "The Old, Old Story" selections. In the prayer meeting two women and a man sought salvation at the mercy seat. A musical wind-up followed.

MONDAY.

During the day, which was, of course, a public holiday, the Hamiltonians were enabled to visit the National Exhibition and view Toronto generally. At night in the Temple, which was well filled, they gave their farewell festival. Colonel Gaskin took the chair, and was supported by Lt.-Col. Pugmire, also Adj. Smith (the latter from Hamilton I.) The "Ocean" selection, "Battle Cry" and "Crowns of Victory" marches were given by the visitors, and the Temple Band played "Great Masters II." At the conclusion of one of the many other interesting features of the programme, the Field Secretary announced that during the few minutes previous, two of the Temple Bandsmen had succeeded in getting a man saved in the Council Chamber. Shouts of praise arose from all over the Hall, and then the Hamilton Band played "Rock No. 11."

Band-Secretary Ridgeway, on behalf of the visiting Band, thanked the people for their liberal support—the finances amounted to \$230—and the sisters for their excellent provision at the meal tables.

The Bandmasters of both Bands also said a few farewell words, and the festival was over.

SERGT.-MAJOR AT SEVENTY-ONE

Comes Sixteen Miles to Meetings

St. Mary's.—Adj. Lott and Captain Boocock are ably supported by Sergt.-Major Greason who is seventy-one years old and comes sixteen miles to the meetings and rarely misses one.

We have been greatly blessed by the visit of Envoy Hancock of London I., who conducted the week-end meetings. On Saturday night we had three good open-air.

The crowds listened attentively to the addresses of the Envoy and others. The Envoy was glad to meet some old comrades from across the water.

We had five open-air on Sunday. Sister Anderson delighted the people with a Swedish song. The Sunday night meeting was well attended. At the close the Envoy addressed the Soldiers, and then gave themselves afresh to God.—R. H. W., for Officers.

Tell it to men who are living and dying in sin. Tell it to Jesus that you have chosen Him to be your Saviour and your God. Tell it to devils, and bid them cease to harass, since you are, if necessary, determined to die for the truth.

You cannot let the parlour to Christ if the Devil rents the kitchen. Christ, wants the house.

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PERSONALITIES.

Major Tucker, of Boston, and
Staff-Captain McGee, of New
York, have been recent visitors to
T. H. O. The former is the Gen-
eral Secretary for the New Eng-
land Province, and the latter is
engaged in Industrial Work in
New York.

Staff-Captain McNamara sails
for England on September 16th,
and will return with a party of
domestics on the "Hesperian" on
Sept. 30th.

Captain Penfold recently con-
ducted a party of domestics from
Quebec to Winnipeg.

Adjutant Lavinia Woods and
Captain Lulu Stewart, of Grace
Hospital, Winnipeg, have been
furloughing in Toronto. By the
time this Cry is in the hands of
our readers, both will have re-
turned to Winnipeg.

Captain F. Martin is at present
in Peterboro, in connection with
the work of the Subscribers' De-
partment.

Adjutant James Mercer, of
Montreal II, has been awarded a
diploma by the Officers' Advanced
Training Department for success-
ful studies in Bible History.

On the 13th of this month Mrs.
Staff-Captain Coombs completed
her 20th year as a Salvation
Army Officer. She and Captain
Hall (now Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel
Sponner) were the first Officers
of the Temple Corps, where Staff-
Captain and Mrs. Coombs are at
present in charge.

Mr. Chadwick, Superintendent
of Neglected and Delinquent
Children in Alberta, paid a tri-
bute to the Army in a letter
which he recently sent to Lieut.-
Colonel Pugmire. Mr. Chadwick
says: "A very great deal of the
work which is being accom-
plished for the betterment of our
children would be impossible but
for the co-operation of The Sal-
vation Army."

Captain Mary Smith has been
appointed to assist in the Corre-
spondence Department at T.H.Q.

Captain and Mrs. Turner, of
Kingston, Ont., are rejoicing over
the arrival of a son, on Aug. 31.

Capt. Jennings has been ap-
pointed to assist Adjutant Martin
at Wyckwood.

Captain and Mrs. John Wright
have been appointed to take
charge of Petrolia.

Mr. and Mrs. Brister, of Halifax,
staunch friends of the Army,
have been on a visit to Toronto.
They called at T. H. O. last week,
and were escorted over the
building by Brigadier Morehen.

Two men who were handed
over to the Army by Toronto's
Police Court Magistrate on Satur-
day are deeply thankful that they
ever came in touch with our Of-
ficers. After being kept over the
week-end, the men were provided
with suits of clothes, grips, and
given tickets to Calgary, where
a bright future awaits them.
They'll find the Army there too.
Where can a person go nowadays
without meeting a Salvationist?

THE GENERAL'S Seventh Motor Campaign.

First Week's Programme Abandoned Owing to Dislocation Caused by Strike.

(From the British Cry.)



NOBODY will be greatly
surprised to learn
that the arrangements
for the first week of
The General's Sev-
enth Motor Campaign, which was
to have started at Barry Dock this
(Monday) morning, have been
cancelled.

The principal reason for this
decision was, of course, the wide-
spread industrial struggle, which,
during the close of last week, had
assumed so serious an aspect, in-
volving, as it did, almost every
section of the community.

It was not until the very last
moment, however, when the out-
look was at its blackest, that The
General bowed to the inevitable
and, agreeing to the suggestion
made to him, decided to abandon
the Campaign.

As soon as it was known that
the railway strike had been set-
tled, and that, therefore, the con-
ditions had vastly changed, our
Leader immediately decided that
the Campaign—the first week ex-
cepted—should go on. It will ac-
cordingly commence with three
engagements on Sunday at
Leigh.

On Monday morning The Gen-
eral will leave Leigh for Allrin-
cham, where he will conduct a
public meeting, proceeding later
to Ashlon-under-Lyne. Fur-
ther, it has been decided
that the tour shall, as pre-
viously intended, cover the whole
month, and that, as far as it can
possibly be arranged, as many
of the towns and villages as were
originally included in the first
week's Campaign shall be visited.
This will, at any rate, include
Leamington and Evesham.

Colonel Whatmore has the ar-
rangements of the tour well in
hand. The Campaign has aroused
the keenest possible interest,
as is abundantly manifested by
the growing pile of correspon-
dence from all kinds of people
which has reached Headquarters
during the last few days. This
correspondence includes urgent
requests from editors of news-
papers for interviews with 'The
General.' Indeed, there is every
ground for hoping that this Cam-
paign will establish new soul-
saving records, and will, if such
a thing were possible, bind the
dear General closer than ever to
the hearts of his people every-
where.

Col. Lamb in Canada.

Ten Thousand Men, Women and Children were Emigrated from
Britain last year under the Auspices of The Army.

A NEW ENTERPRISE. THE EMIGRATION OF CHILDREN.

300,000 Unwanted Children in the British Isles.



COLONEL LAMB, the
head of the Army's
immigration work in
Great Britain, is again
in this country on his
annual trip in connection with im-
migration business, and on Tues-
day night the Commissioner and
Chief Secretary left Headquar-
ters to accompany the Colonel on
a flying trip to Ottawa, Montreal,
Halifax, Moncton, Fredericton,
and St. John's, N.B., on immigra-
tion business.

It is hoped that arrangements
may be made that will enable the
Immigration Department to far-
ther extend its usefulness in the
direction of transporting a desir-
able class of emigrant from the
congested cities of the Old Coun-
try to the broad prairies of the
new.

In a little chat we had with
Colonel Lamb, he informed us
that during the past season the
Department had negotiated the
emigrating of ten thousand per-
sons. These included a consider-
able number of domestic servants.
He also said that one of the most
pleasing things that had come
under his notice for a long time
took place at the Toronto Hostel
last Sunday, when between fifty
and sixty domestic servants
visited the institution to meet
with their friends and have a
sociable afternoon. They enjoy-

ed themselves by singing hymns,
playing the piano, and chatting
with their girl companions. The
"Lodges" as the institutions are
called where domestic servants
can meet with their friends and
receive Christian counsel from
the matrons, are doing a most
valuable work throughout the
country.

A new feature of immigration
about to be embarked upon is the
bringing out to this country of
what may be termed unwanted
children. There are unfortunate
little ones whose parents have
died and whose relatives have as
much as they can do to bring up
their own offspring. Consequen-
tly the parentless ones have to go
to the workhouse or some char-
itable institution. Experience has
shown to the Army authorities
that in this country there is a
demand for children, and that
many childless parents would like
to adopt parentless children.

This is a matter in which Earl
Grey has greatly interested him-
self in, and when he was in Lon-
don last had a conversation with
the Chief of the Staff concerning
this branch of benevolent work.
So the General has approved of
important advances being made
in this direction, and plans have
been provisionally approved of
which will without doubt lead to
considerable extensions in this

direction during the coming year.

It has been estimated that
there are 300,000 children
in the British Isles dependent
upon Poor Law and other relief,
and that at least one half of the
number are eligible for emigra-
tion. Colonel Lamb, during this
visit, will make arrangements
whereby a number of these
healthy and often lovely un-
wanted ones may become the
happy children of comfortable
Canadian homes. What has al-
ready been done in this direc-
tion augurs well for the success
of this enterprise in the future.

Shortly after his return from
the East Colonel Lamb and Col-
onel Mapp will proceed to the
west on immigration business.

An Enjoyable Function.

A Gathering at Headquarters
Staff in the Council Chamber.

THE COMMISSIONER PRESIDES

Before leaving for England Col-
onel and Mrs. Jacobs and Briga-
dier and Mrs. Hamments were the
recipients of a delightful courtes-
y extended to them by the Com-
missioner in the fashion of a light
luncheon to which the Headquar-
ters Staff was invited. It was
also made the opportunity of
showing to the Chief Secretary
and the Property Secretaries how
glad we were to have them in our
midst again.

The speech-making was mani-
pulated by the Commissioner,
who proved to be a most adroit
master of ceremonies and every-
thing rippled along with delig-
htful freedom.

Colonel Gaskin was the first
speaker, and after a characteristic
address, was followed by Mrs.
Brigadier Hamments, who, in
spite of her avowed nervous-
ness and diffidence, acquitted her-
self in great style. As a matter of
fact she let herself go with such
reckless abandon that she
lost the thread of her discourse
and begged to be excused for
consulting her notes. She likes
Canada.

Brigadier Hamments followed,
and treated us to a piece of vivid
word painting interlarded with
sage comments on matters per-
taining to immigration. He laud-
ed Canada.

Staff-Captain McNamara had
some nice things to say about the
Old Country and about her old
Chief Secretary.

Colonel Jacobs then gave utter-
ance to a racy speech, and Mrs.
Jacobs gave one of her charming
informal talks. This brought us
up to Brigadier Rawling's oration,
and the fervid eloquence of Briga-
dier Abby, who was present and
greatly appreciated the privilege
—so he said.

The last speaker was the Chief
Secretary, who referred with con-
siderable feeling to his recent
sickness and to the devotion with
which Mrs. Mapp had attended to
him.

It was a most enjoyable little
function, and exhilarated all pres-
ent.

How wide the difference be-
tween Heavenly and earthly joys!
The former satiate the soul and
reproduce themselves; the latter,
after planting in lur' soul the
seeds of future griefs and cares,
take their flight and leave an ach-
ing void.

THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES

These Reports are full of interest.

Read them.

FIELD OFFICERS and Corps Correspondents, kindly note. We are very anxious to get in as soon as possible the names of all who sell the War Cry and the numbers sold. Please send a postcard without fail.

SAVED AT KNEEDRILL.

Halifax II.—The kneedrill on Sunday, Aug. 20, was led by Candidates Smyth and Gerow. One soul found pardon. In the afternoon Adj. Brister read from God's Word. At night Captain Penfold led on, his earnest talk on "The Judgment" took hold of the people, and five souls surrendered to God. The following Wednesday night, August 23rd, we welcomed Ensign and Mrs. Meeks. The meeting was led by Major and Mrs. McLean. The Hall was crowded. Ensign Moore of New Glasgow, Captain Penfold, Envoy Gerow, and Sgt. Major Mills, and Mrs. McLean spoke. Solos were given by Ensign Ritchie and Captain Clayton. During the meeting Major McLean, commissioned Sergt. Bruce Kinsman as Treasurer of the Corps.—Peter.

NEWS FROM CRANBROOK.

Cranbrook, B.C.—Week ending August 20th, bright spiritual meetings all through the week, meeting all through, Lieut. Stride leading on.

Thursday good crowd at open-air; around which a man and wife with three children stood and cried bitterly because of conviction.

At the Sunday morning Holiness meeting two souls came to the penitent form. We have been visited by Sister Hyslop and daughter from Colman, also Cadet Jennings, who has come to stay with us and who is endeavouring to get together a company of Juniors.—Corps Corr. E. Smith.

CORPS UNITE FOR PICNIC.

Glace Bay.—We have just had our annual picnic. We united with New Aberdeen and went to Mira, where we spent a very pleasant day. The two Bands also united and gave us some very nice music, which was appreciated by everybody. The event was "the best yet."

Our week-end meetings were very well attended, and on Sunday night the Citadel was packed. Two souls knelt at the mercy-seat.—Bandsman.

Woodstock, Ont.—Thursday night, August 24, we had a short visit from Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Chandler. Saturday and Sunday last we were reinforced by two sisters from London. They sang several duets. Crowds and finances were better than usual.

This week-end a number of visitors were with us, including a brother from Galt, better known as "Lightning Fred;" also a couple of Bandsmen from Chatham and Stratford. We are also glad to have our sick comrades with us again.—Mrs. J. Paul.

700 PEOPLE AT OPEN-AIR MEETING

Goetph.—Although Ensign and Mrs. McDonald are on rest, we are having good meetings, (writes Captain Steinburg), and great credit is due to Bandmaster Dawson and the Bandsmen for the way in which they have helped in the meeting.

The Songsters rendered good service. We have 22 now in the Brigade. During the week ending August 12 the Bandsmen took the meetings.

On Saturday night 700 people stood around the open-air, and the finances were away up.

On Sunday the Bandsmen were again in charge. The park and night meetings were of the best. Big crowds, good singing, and lots of life.

On Sunday night, August 12, Bro. and Sister Whetstone gave their little baby boy to God and The Salvation Army.

On August 19th in the night's meeting two souls came out for salvation. One has since come to the open-air. The Y. P. work is doing well.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT WESTVILLE

Westville.—Captain and Mrs. Hurd conducted a memorial service for the late Bro. Appleton on Sunday, Aug. 20th. Sergt. Major and Mrs. McEwan and Sister Chomondeley gave short addresses bearing on the life and twenty years' Christian warfare of the late comrade. Mrs. Capt. Hurd soloed, and the bereaved wife, in a few words, expressed her sure trust in God. Captain Hurd gave an impressive address on "There is but a step between me and death."

MADE DECISION DURING TESTIMONY MEETING

Bay Bulls Arm.—On Sunday, August 13th, three souls sought the Saviour. One volunteered during the testimony meeting on the next Sunday, and got saved. Although our ranks are small owing to the comrades being away at work during the summer months, our meetings are full of enthusiasm. Lieut. Smith is our leader.—Sergt. Mrs. M. Reid.

THE FIRST NEWS ABOUT H. F.

Montreal IV.—A backslider returned to God on Sunday night.

On Tuesday night the Band and Soldiers visited the French Corps. Each comrade did his or her part well. The Hall was crowded, and Major Moore acted as Chairman. We have received our Harvest Festival target. Some of the comrades have already got the victory in this effort.—J. M. W. Catto.

ADDRESSED PEOPLE FROM DRUMHEAD

St. John, N.B.—Captain and Mrs. Bunton have received a great welcome here. The progress the Corps has made under their leadership is noticeable. Many souls have been converted, and backsliders have returned home. The Songster Brigade has been reorganized, and is now under the leadership of Bandmaster Hockerday. Monday night, August 21, we had a long open-air meeting at the head of King street. The crowd was undoubtedly the largest that ever attended an open-air in the City of St. John. The Captain, in his shirt-sleeves stood on the drum-head and spoke with great power. His hearers requested him to go on when he stopped. The offering realized was \$11.

Sunday night, August 27, two souls found Jesus. We expect a great break.—Candidate Steeves.

PRISON WORK AT HALIFAX.

Concerning the Prison Work at Halifax, N.S., a correspondent, Bruce Kinsman, writes:

"Since you received our last letter, numbers of men and women have sought the Saviour within the prison walls. Many who have been saved through our meetings have left the jail, to live new lives.

Four comrades from No. 2 Corps have accompanied the prison visitation brigade every Sunday afternoon. They have done excellent service, as has Bro. Goodenough from the H.M.S. "Cornwall," who has been with us on several occasions.

BRIGADIER POTTER AND THE RIVERDALE BAND AT UNBRIDGE

Unbridge is well-known as a music-loving town, and boasts of quite a number of first-class musicians. No wonder then that the week-end of Saturday and Sunday, September 2nd and 3rd, was looked forward to with great eagerness, for the Riverdale Silver Band and the Financial Secretary, Brigadier Potter, were to visit the town.

On alighting from the train a great reception was given the Bandsmen, and much excitement was created as the Band marched away from the station, to the strains of the "Trumpeter" march.

After supper at the Hall, an open-air service was held on the main street, where a crowd awaited the Band. Music and song occupied the best part of an hour, and then a first-class programme was given at the Music Hall.

The full band numbers were "Crowns of Victory," "Leeds," and "Liberty" marches. "Rock No. 2," "Ocean," and "Happy in the Lord" selections. Bandsman Arthur Martin and Deputy Bandmaster Fuller soloed, and the popular recitation "How Jim Johnson Formed the Band" was given by Bandsman Arthur Johnson. Other items were vocal octette, and quintette by trombones. Mr. Walter Gould occupied the chair in the absence of His Worship Mayor N. Beal. Mr. Gould, who is the conductor of the town band and an able musician, expressed his delight at the

ing of the Band, which he termed "excellent."

Sunday's meetings were held in the Music Hall. The Consecration Service, led by Brigadier Potter, was a time of great blessing, and Adjutant Byers' address was given rapt attention. The Music Hall was crowded when the Band took its place upon the platform for the afternoon festival. The chair was taken by Major S. Sharpe. The Band rendered "Austria" march. Bandsman A. Martin gave a new song entitled "Riverdale Band," "Consolation," and "Spanish Chant" were other Band items, and a monstre bass solo by Bandsman J. Woodver, which was rendered with good effect. Brigadier Potter attired in Japanese costume, delivered his popular lecture on Japan. At the conclusion of the lecture Major Sharpe, on behalf of the town-people, expressed delight in having the Brigadier and Band in Unbridge.

At night the Hall was again comfortably filled for the last meeting of the week-end. The Band played "Invitation" and "Jerusalem" selections. Bandsman A. Milne soloed, and many hearts were touched as Brigadier Potter and Adjutant Byers spoke.

Finances for the week-end broke all previous records, and from all sides the wish was expressed that Brigadier Potter, and Captain (Bandmaster) Myers, with the Riverdale Band, should visit the town again in the near future.

Captain Horne and Lieutenant Gooch worked hard to make the visit the success that it was.

CORPS UNITE FOR A SOCIAL

Dresden, Ont.—A very enjoyable time was spent on August 21st, when we had a social for the purpose of raising funds for the Corps. Ice cream, cake, and bananas were served. The Captain and a goodly number of the comrades, also the Band, drove over from Wallaceburg. The programme and music of the united bands were very much appreciated.

Stellarton, N.S.—Since Captain Lee and Captain White have arrived here soul-saving work has gone ahead. Seven souls sought salvation last week, and three the week before.—W. L.

Vancouver II.—For one week we have had a visit from the Rev. Mr. Tonge, of Odessa, Wash. U. S. A. All his meetings were enjoyed, especially on Sunday, and the following Thursday, when he gave us the story of an old Lancashire miner. The Band was present.

Our Corps is getting along very nicely. Captain Magwood and Cadet Gregory leading on. The Band is also progressing under the leadership of Bandmaster Bone. Some changes have recently been made.—Hal-lelujah Charlie.

Bowmanville.—On Sunday and Monday, August 27th and 28th, Captain Beckus of Toronto conducted all the meetings. Crowds and finances were very good. We recently had our Juniors' picnic, and a good time was put in by both great and small.—Simon.

(Continued from page 9)
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BAND CHAT.

(Continued from page 6.)

ing to what the Adjutant heard, they play very nicely. Several took part in the morning meeting, conducted by the Adjutant and Captain Carter.

On the same day, at the No. 1. Corps the Songster Brigade were conducting all the meetings. "A very fine Brigade," says the Adjutant, and the photos of the Band and Songsters which recently appeared in the "Cry" make further comment needless.

Thirteen Bandsmen now form the Earlscourt Band, "and they're right, good workers," says Captain Ruth Rees. "Even at kneedril we regularly have four or five of them," she continued. Bandmaster Aldridge is doing his best to record progress week by week, and musically and spiritually the Band is in better condition than ever it was.

Bandsman Sibbick and son have recently been welcomed. The former, who has been a Bandsman for twenty years and has held Treasurer's, Secretary's, and Sergt.-Major's commissions during that time, comes from Ventnor, Isle of Wight. His son was transferred from Wychwood, Toronto.

The Corps Officers recently met the Bandsmen at a tea, which was followed by a very profitable little council.

THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

(Continued From Page 2.)

any difficulties he encounters. The boy trusts his mother, and is well assured that she will let him know just what to do in his difficulties.

Have you the same trust in God as the boy has in his parent? If not, you can get it—you must have it; and the best and only place to get it is on your knees.

SMASHED HIS PIPE.

Threw Tobacco Out of Window, St. Johns III.—Captain Woodland has returned after a short visit to his home.

Last Sunday night three young men knelt at the Cross. One young man after claiming Christ took his pipe from his pocket and made dust of it in the presence of us all, and took his tobacco and threw it out of the window. He made a complete surrender to God.

Everybody seems to be in good fighting order at this Corps. Corr.

Brigadier Taylor visited Earlscourt on Sunday night, Sept. 3rd. The Hall was well filled, and the singing and attention of the crowd greatly pleased the Training Principal. Two lads and two sisters who had backslidden knelt at the mercy-seat.

Captain R. M. Rees and Lieutenant Marshall are having good success as the Corps commanders.

Calgary.—The regular meeting of the Prison Brigade was held in the R. N. W. M. P. Guard Room on August 27th. The Commissioner's second son William read the lesson. A good number of the men requested prayer.—C. H. W.

The White Slave Traffic.

By MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

(Continued from Last Week.)



OW many mistresses seem quite careless about the safety of their young maids, when a very little interest and attention would go so far to protect them from designing men! How utterly cold, if not heartless, some are on the least suspicion that a young girl has miscondacted herself! How often I have been covered with shame and indignation in witnessing the anxiety to abandon all responsibility for some poor ruined creature who has been destroyed by a member of the household in which she should have been carefully shielded, the one thought in such cases often being to spare the chief wrongdoer and to crush or cast away the chief sufferer!

Employers of considerable numbers of the young people of either sex have a grave responsibility, especially for young women. The law now requires many provisions for their protection in some matters upon which it was formerly silent, and hygiene of various kinds, ventilation, sanitation, safety in case of fire, and other things of a like nature are all provided for. Surely employers should carry their oversight a little further, and do what they can to provide against the unnecessary crowding of the sexes together and the employment of those, especially as foremen and overseers, who are known to be vicious, or who are guilty of destroying their subordinates.

But a still more distressing aspect of this evil is to be found in the East. The trapping of white women—not one of whom would go down into the valley of woe if she knew the truth beforehand—is a dark enough picture, but there is another world of horror in the buying and selling of Eastern women, especially natives of Japan and China, who are more helpless still and are often immured for life in dismal buildings from which they can seldom escape until death

brings them release. The evil is made more dreadful in these countries from the fact that girls are not desired or valued by large sections of the population, and this abominable traffic opens to parents and guardians who wish to get rid of them a way of doing so which can be made profitable. That Europeans and Americans should take part in conducting this wickedness only adds to the responsibility we must feel in seeking to check it.

Some little time ago, I received a letter from one of our women officers who was passing through China on Army business and had an opportunity of visiting some of the buildings to which I allude. She wrote me: "Last night I went out in company with a friend and an interpreter and visited a certain quarter of this (a Chinese) city. It is estimated that in one not very large block there are over two thousand girls. That being so, I cannot make a guess at the number there must be in this city altogether. As you will know, girls are easy to get and cheap to buy in China; and for thousands of them there is no other way of earning a living. I think I was the first Christian woman to set foot in such a quarter. Of course, I could do nothing but pray. In one house, one of the girls asked me why I came. Alas! I could not tell her! But she looked at me, and I was not able to restrain my tears, and I think she saw something of my heart, whereat she wove this little bunch of flowers and fixed them to the button of my jacket. They will be faded before they reach you, but even so, you will be able to see how dexterously they are put together, and I pray they may bring an appeal from the hundreds of thousands of oppressed women in China."

During the last few years the law has been much improved in Japan, and it is now possible for many women to escape, whereas formerly they were

practically prisoners. This change has been brought about by the representations made to the Government by Salvation Army officers, who were nobly seconded by other workers. As a result, the standard of morality has been decidedly raised, together with the status of women generally throughout the Japanese empire.

But the darkest depth of this horror is the woe of the children. The destruction of those who have come to years of discretion, whether by force or fraud, or through weakness or folly, is a dark stain on the nations; but the ruin of little girls is more cruel and dreadful still. When that ruin is in some way to be traced to relatives who should have been the natural guardians of these poor innocents, it would seem as though the limit of human infamy had at last been reached. Of this subject I can say no more here except this, that during the past year no less than three hundred children, in this country alone, who have thus suffered, have been placed under our care. That is a terrible fact! The Salvation Army is striving here also for better laws, and I am not without hope that some changes will be made ere long; but in the meantime we are doing all we can to restore these little ones to virtue and love, and to help them to forget. Yes, in the mercy of God, just to forget.

I am sure that all the readers of this Magazine must wish us well in our endeavor. To those who know anything of the power of prayer, may I say, Will you pray for us? Will you pray for the country, that the low standard of purity among men may be raised, and that our women and children may be protected? It is the women especially that I would ask to take this upon their hearts. As mothers, sisters, and wives, they may have almost illimitable power with men. As Ruskin has said, "Their whole course and character are in your hands; what you would have them be they shall be, if you not only desire to have them so, but deserve to have them so, for they are the mirrors in which you will see yourself imaged."

LUMBERJACK WENT TO PICTURE-SHOW.

But Finally to Army Hall, and God Saved.

Cranbrook, B.C.—While holding an open-air recently a lumberjack came forward to the Officer and told him that he had not forgotten the words spoken to him in the bunk-house, where the Officer (Lieut. Stride) held meetings a short time ago. The lumberjack tried to drown his thoughts at a picture-show, but could not, and came to the Army Hall, where he gave God his heart.

Our noble band of four is causing quite a sensation in the city, and is proving a great attraction.—S. H.

DRUNKARD AT MERCY-SEAT.

On Saturday, the 20th Aug., while the inside meeting was in progress, a man suffering from inebriety staggered to the mercy-seat and sought pardon.

On the following Sunday morning Salvation meetings were led by Ensign Hamilton, C. O. The night meeting closed with another soul at the mercy-seat.—J. T. Wimble, Corps Corr.

The sin which attends growth is not an evil; that which stops it is.

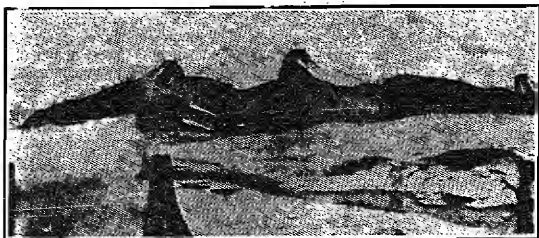


PRINCE RUPERT OFFICERS AND CORPS.

This is the Baby Corps of the B. C. Province, and a fine, healthy-looking infant it appears. Ensign and Mrs. Johnstone, the doting parents, say that every comrade turns out every night without fail for open-air work in rain or shine. Good. We have regarded the figures in that photograph with unstinted admiration. The bearing of the Colour-Sergeant would do credit to a regiment of the King's Bodyguards. The inscription on the drum breathes out red-hot Salvationism, and the res possess their individual charms. Now, readers all, wouldn't you think a bunch like that could sell more than a hundred War Crys a week? Why, that's only eight copies each, with four for that lovely baby. The people of Prince Rupert will rise up against you Ensign, for so belittling their rising city. What is the population?

In the Haunts of the Walrus.

An Article Describing the Habits of These Strange Animals.



Walrus Asleep on the Ice—One Has His Head Raised to Strike Another, as is Their Playful Habit When Irritated.



AMONG all the strange forms which are found among the members of the seal family, there is none which presents a more terribly grotesque appearance than that of the walrus, or sea horse, as this extraordinary is sometimes called. The most conspicuous part of this animal is the head, with its protuberant muzzle bristling with long, wiry hairs, and the enormous canine teeth that project from the upper jaw. These huge teeth measure, in large specimens, from fourteen inches to two feet in length, the girth at the base being nearly seven inches, and their weight upwards of ten pounds each. The ivory which is furnished by these extraordinary weapons is of a very fine quality, and commands a high price in the market.

The walrus is found in vast herds, which frequent the coasts of the Arctic and Antarctic regions, and which congregate in such numbers that their united roarings have often given timely warning to fog-bewildered sailors, and acquainted them with the near proximity of shore. These herds present a curious sight, as the huge, clumsy animals are ever in movement, rolling and tumbling over each other in a strange fashion, and constantly uttering their hoarse bellowings.

A Queer Mode of Fighting.

Writing in the Wide World Magazine, Mr. Woodson gives an interesting account of his experiences in the haunts of these strange animals. He says: "Many times I watched the herds as they lay on the ice, and saw that every now and then a big bull, awakened from his sleep, would lift up his mighty head and, with a quick stroke, sink his tusks three or four inches into the body of the one nearest him."

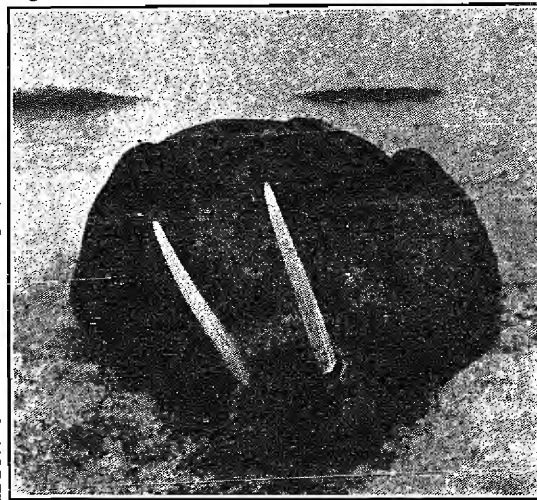
"They fight, seemingly, without provocation, and often the animal attacked does not retaliate, but will 'pass it along' by sinking his tusks a few inches into his neighbor. Apparently it hurts them but little. Walrus are extremely fat, and the tusks merely penetrate the skin and the layer of 'ocksub,' which is from three to five inches thick, and it is evident that this layer of fat carries few, if any, nerves. There are practically no blood-vessels in it, and the animals suffer little or not at all from these wounds, as they immediately go to sleep again."

After the Big Tuskers.

Describing the hunt of the walrus, the writer says: "The vessel was left tied up to the ice, and the oomiak, bearing half a dozen natives and myself, put out, every man bearing a rifle, his pockets filled with cartridges and big

skinning-knives in his belt.

Strong brown arms, wielding paddles of driftwood, sent the oomiak swiftly through the water, and with three natives I crawled out on a big floe not more than fifty yards from the herd we had first sighted. Okbaok and the other hunters paddled on slowly and quietly to another herd three hundred



Two Tons of Walrus—This Creature Measures Over Eighteen Feet in Length.

yards or more away, and two kayaks lashed together, with an Eskimo in each manhole, left the schooner and went after still another herd.

It was agreed that Okbaok's party should shoot first.

"When your bear rifles, then shoot," Okbaok said to me, and we crawled stealthily over the ice until we were close to the sleeping animals on the other floe.

There they lay, the big tuskers, all bulls. It was the season when the bulls leave the cows and calves and go far out from shore. They were asleep, snoring themselves and warming their backs while their bellies melted the ice beneath them. I couldn't help remarking to myself how strange this was—a warm-blooded animal being content to make his bed on ice. But Polar bears and seals do it, and I reflected that it was but another instance of animals having adapted themselves to their environment.

Startling the Herd.

No sooner had the first reports cracked across the water than our walrus lifted up their big heads, their tusks

all agleam in the sun, and started to shamble off the ice. We shot while they were hurrying into the water, and got five of them. A few minutes later the ice-cold ocean around us was a churning mass of foam, and the air was filled with such bellowing as I had never heard before.

Twenty or more had escaped, and, scared and furious, they lashed the water with their powerful flippers. As they were headed in our direction and we had no means of escape, I got alarmed for a moment; but seeing the natives standing their ground quietly I knew there was no danger. They had hunted many times before, and I fancied that I knew Eskimos well enough to understand that if the walrus were likely to climb out where we were the hunters would not take any chances.

"Ugh-ugh-ugh!" bellowed twenty pairs of monstrous lungs at once, and away in the distance the bellowing was answered by the other tuskers, some of them wounded, and others simply startled into frenzy by the reports of the rifles and the suddenness of their taking to the water. Slowly the walrus swam away, and were soon lost to view.

They swim with their heads bobbing out of the water every minute or so, and

chest as he lay on his back and snatched the biggest clam-digger I ever saw!"

"Clam-digger!" I questioned. "What do you mean by that, Lou?"

"That's what they eat when they can get them," he replied; "clams, seaweed and sea-moss, and any kind of shell-fish. They graze on the sea-floor just as the cows do on the pastures."

"But I thought they ate seals and fish and other animals. Are they not carnivorous?" I asked.

"No, you saphead; they are not. They are as near like cattle as anything that swims. I suppose you had the idea that they have Polar bear for breakfast and young whales for luncheon!" He spoke sarcastically, astonished that I had been in Alaska for years, and yet was ignorant of the habits of walrus."

Promoted to Glory.

SISTER MRS. PARDY
OF PARADY SOUND

On August 7th Sister Mrs. Parady passed away. On Sunday, the 6th, she was able to be about in the house, but on Monday the Death Angel came.

We feel our loss greatly, and ask soldiers and friends to pray on behalf of our late sister's husband and four children, who are left to mourn.

On the following Sunday night two souls knelt at the cross and got blessedly saved.

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tunes.—None of Self, 149, A. B. Bb; Song-Book, No. 505.
1 Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow

That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,

"All of self, and none of Thee!"
Yet He found me; I beheld Him.
Bleeding on the cursed tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them,
Father!"

And my wistful heart said faintly—
"Some of self, and some of
Thee!"

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;

Grant me now my spirit's longing
"None of self, and all of Thee!"

Praise.

Tunes.—The Day of Victory's
Coming, 97; I'd Choose to be a
Soldier, 98; Army Bells, 213;
Song-Book, No. 538.

2 Ye Soldiers of the cross!
Fight on, fight on for Jesus,
Lift high his royal banner—it
must not suffer loss;

From victory unto victory, His
Army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished, and
Christ is Lord indeed.

Fight on, fight on for Jesus! The
trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict in
this His glorious day!

Ye that are men, now serve Him
against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger, and
strength to strength oppose

Fight on, fight on for Jesus!
Stand in His strength
alone;

(Continued on page 15.)

THE GENERAL.

Concerning the General to Bideford War Cry says, in part: "Evidence of the manifested in connection with the visit was to be four representative platoon Generals lecture. S. Worship the Mayor, Esq., who were the Deputy-Mayor, Councilors, thirteen Ministers, all the Protestant friends, both ladies and men."

Introducing the Worship spoke in the pleasure he felt a welcome to the meeting I regard the honour of my Mayor, General benefactor, who is honoured in world."

Farther down this paragraph something about The General from Bideford. The people gathered at the entrance, and as the steps of the arm, was his hand was a shake. Some coat, and other face with glistering a "Go" passed on.

To his general was obliged to strike to cancel his motor car to have open Monday, Aug. continue the (Lancs.) next

PERSONAL.

Her Majesties Belgians sent to a message received from the mates of the Brussels, on Majesty's birthday.

Writing safe arrival guard says ney to Korea churia was He passed which figure the recent

On alightion, Col awaiting cers, Cade flags and Colonel left Lond Saturday. Lieut- for the Africa, h Town al thousand the nati esia and

BELGIUM.

Comm by Colon ader Y mander led the gium.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

THE GENERAL.

Concerning the visit of The General to Bideford, the British War Cry says, in part:

Evidence of the keen interest manifested in connection with the visit was to be found in the very representative platform at The General's lecture. Supporting His Worship the Mayor (J. N. Fulford, Esq.), who presided, there were the Deputy-Mayor and thirteen Councillors and Aldermen, thirteen Ministers, representing all the Protestant Churches in the town, besides many other friends, both ladies and gentlemen.

Introducing The General, His Worship spoke in warm terms of the pleasure he felt in extending a welcome to The General. "To occupy the position I do in this meeting I regard as the greatest honour of my term of office as Mayor. General Booth is a public benefactor, whose name is rightly honoured in all parts of the world."

Farther down in the report is this paragraph: "There was something extremely touching about The General's departure from Bideford. A crowd of people gathered about the station entrance, and as our Leader, escorted up the steps on the stationmaster's arm, was passing through, his hand was tenderly sought for a shake. Some shyly touched his coat, and others gazed into his face with glistening eyes, murmuring a 'God bless you' as he passed on."

To his great regret, The General was obliged by the railway strike to cancel the first part of his motor campaign, which was to have opened at Barry Dock on Monday, August 21. But he will continue the programme at Leigh (Lancs.) next Sunday.

PERSONALITIES.

Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians sent a very hearty reply to a message of congratulation received from the Officers and inmates of the Rescue Home in Brussels, on the occasion of Her Majesty's birthday.

Writing immediately after his safe arrival at Seoul Colonel Hoggard says that his return journey to Korea through South Manchuria was dreary and tedious. He passed through Mukden, which figured so prominently in the recent Russo-Japanese war.

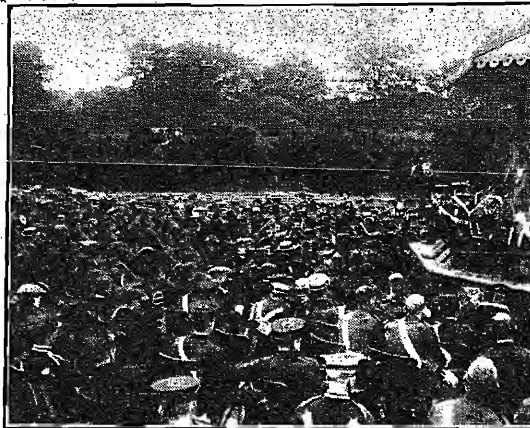
On alighting at the railway station, Colonel Hoggard found awaiting him a crowd of Officers, Cadets, and Soldiers, with flags and lanterns.

Colonel Bates, Auditor-General, left London for South Africa on Saturday.

Lieut. Colonel Smith, Secretary for the Native Work in South Africa, has just returned to Cape Town after completing a five-thousand-mile journey, visiting the native settlements in Rhodesia and elsewhere.

BELGIUM'S FIELD DAY.

Commissioner Cadman, assisted by Colonel Fornachon and Brigadier Delapaz, Territorial Commander and General Secretary, led the annual Field Day in Belgium.



Welsh Celebrations of The Army's 40th Anniversary. Major Hawkes Addressing a Gathering of Bandsmen at a Great Field Day.

The morning and afternoon meetings were held in a park near the big city of Charleroi. The power of God was mightily felt, and there were seventy-six seekers.

Next day two Officers' Councils were held in The Salvation Army Hall of Marchiennes, in which all the Officers of Belgium took part. These were times of heart-searching and mighty blessing, as was shown by the testimonies which were given at a farewell tea in the evening.

A large Salvation Meeting in the same Hall took place at night, at which other three souls came to the mercy-seat.

Commissioner Cadman will live long in the memory of the Officers and Soldiers of Belgium.

INDIA—A FAMINE FEARED.

Serious news is to hand from India of prolonged drought and the possibility of a terrible famine; already in most places there is a lack of drinking water. The Army has done something to mitigate this by sinking wells in a number of the villages.



Salvation by the Seaside: An Army Band Playing on the Sands at a British Resort.

HOLLAND.

The Utrecht I. Corps recently got over the national prohibition against open-air meetings in a happy and successful way. They obtained permission from the Mayor to hold musical meetings in the open air in different parts of the city during the Fair week. The biggest demonstration was on the last night of the Fair. It took place in the centre of the city, in front of the Town Hall.

On a large screen, measuring about 15 feet by 20 feet, which was hung over the canal from one side to the other, pictures were thrown by an electric apparatus mounted on a car 15 ft. high on a bridge. The top of the screen was about 30 ft. above the ground, so that the pictures could be seen at a long distance.

As soon as the Army Flag was hoisted on one of the poles to which the screen was attached, the clock of the "Dom" that looked down on the scene stopped! Was it frightened? It had, from its lofty place—the tower is over 300 ft. high—been the spectator of many a scene in the seven centuries of its existence, but never before had it witnessed the hoisting of the Army's colours in the centre of the city. After a quarter of an hour, having recovered from the shock, it went on its old course again, apparently at peace, because nothing wrong was the matter!

A huge crowd, which is estimated at about ten thousand people, attended the service. Suitable songs were sung and illustrated by pictures, a god-part of the audience catching up the tunes. It is difficult to imagine what an impression was made by those thousands of people singing.

AUSTRALIA.

A new Maternity Home was recently opened at Sydney by Her Excellency Lady Dudley. Her Ladyship said she was very pleased to take part in the proceedings, no matter how little that part was. She had acquaintance with the work of The Salvation Army in Australia and in other parts of the world. There was, she thought, no other factor in raising humanity greater than that organization. What appealed to her most strongly was the tie represented by the Home she was opening that day. She admired the fact that when a man or woman appealed to The Salvation Army, hope and help were always forthcoming.

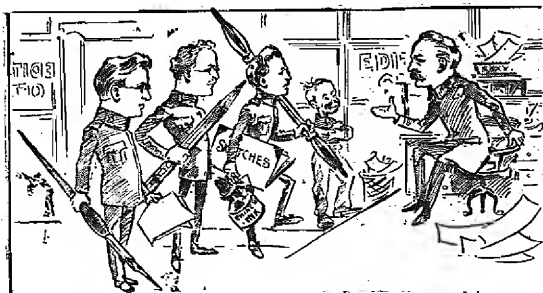
She then unlocked the door, and inspected the interior accommodation, expressing her pleasure about all she saw quite freely.

Following on the opening of the Maternity Home came the opening of a Sanatorium for Men at Manly. The opening ceremony was preceded by some music and song, and by the planting of two trees, one of which Mrs. Hay planted and named "Edward Saunders" (the architect of the new wing), and the other was planted by the Commissioner, who named it "Jeannie Hay."

A new Home for Aged Men has also been opened. The place is an ideal one for its purpose.

The Fall Weather Has Begun

So has Our War Cry Circulation Campaign.



Getting a Move-on in the Editorial Den.

The Correspondence of A. Seed, Office Boy, to Sammy Wheatstalk, Mossbackburgh.

Dear Sammy—What do you think? I did so well in booming the "Cry" at Mossbackburgh that I've been fetched up to Toronto to help on the "War Cry." I'm the office kid, and one of my jobs is to get out the competition list and say cute things to those who are going some, and to get those who are stuck in the mud to get a wiggle on with their sales. Dunno how I shall git on. I chawed up the ends of three penholders and used up a whole heap of paper one morning practising what I should say, but couldn't think a single think.

One morning the Editor had us all in his room. Ses he: "Now, boys we are going to launch out upon an increased sirkulashon campaign. You've all of youse had your holidays and I guess, ses he, by the way you've luffed and talked about 'em that you've enjoyed your vacation. Now, ses he, you got to sharpen yer pencils, rub up yer wits, and git a hustle on, for the first thing in a successful selling campaign is to get a good thing to sell. "The War Cry" is a good thing. Listen to what some of the soldiers say who sell 'em. Here's Brother Miles from Barrie: "My own view concerning "The War Cry" is that it is the best religious paper that is published to-day. Its holiness teachings, its serial story, the ways of the world are the best that I know anything about." And Sister Mrs. Ward from London. She says: "I feel there's no paper like it." Sister Ward, who sells 250 "Crys" every week, ses: "The London people greatly favour "The War Cry," and would be lost without it, for sometimes when I'm ill if I miss one week they feel very badly about it."

Now, I shan't say any more to prove what everybody knows. The point is that it's got to be better yet. You've got to get on the track of everything interesting that's happening in this country. If ever I learn of anything about the Army that is good to hear and it isn't in the "Cry," why some of you'll git fired, see! If there isn't anything interesting Army news in any issue of the "Cry" it must be because the Officers and Soldiers aren't doing anything interesting that's why!

Gosh, you should ha' seen the

Editorial Staff. Their looks of determination quite scared me. Then the Editor he ses: "Now, this young man is going to help in the selling." Gee, didn't I sweat! It run into my eyes so I couldn't see and my face got so hot and red as if it would break out into flame. Didn't they all laff. Good sort of chaps. I like 'em.

Later the Editor addressed the P. C.'s and the D. C.'s on the sirkulashon of the "Cry." He evidently thinks an awful lot of these Officers, for he was most respectful and classy in what he said. The meaning of his remarks was sumfin like this:

"Gentlemen—It may be interesting to you to know the Corps' averages of each of the Provinces and Divisions in the Dominion of Canada. I will read them to you. They are as follows:

East Ontario Province, Brigadier Hargrave..... 175
Hamilton Division Major Green..... 147
North-West Province, Brigadier Burdill..... 141
Halifax Division, Major McLean..... 141
Pacific Coast Province, Maj. Morris..... 140
London Division, Lieut.-Col. Chandler..... 137
St. John Division, Brigadier Adby..... 136
Toronto Division, Brigadier Morehen..... 134

Golly, didn't they look some when these figures were read out! Brigadier Hargrave, he luffed right out and slapped his hand on his naybor's leg; while Brigadier Morehen looked like an old man who had suddenly sat down on an ice-slide. They say he's a great guy with a gun; I guess he'll hit her up all right. Major Green gave Brigadier Hargrave a look which sed as plain as plain that he's going to git the top place; Some said how surprised they were that Brigadier Burdill wasn't higher up; and there was some talk about the difference between Brigadier Adby's Corps and Major McLean's seeing that they were both in the East which has suffered by the people going away from it to other parts. Also seeing the B. C. is supposed to be so flourishing it was thought that Major Morris' Corps didn't make a good showing. Lieut.-Col. Chandler, he sed that he must buck up. But poor Brigadier Morehen. Everybody felt so sorry for him that they made no remarks at all. Ha

To ALL Field Officers.

Six copies per Corps will probably put the Canadian "War Cry" average in front of any "Wa Cry" in the world.

Can we do it by the Fall Councils? Remember, if you can't keep it up you can always fall back to your present number.

Order right now. Don't put it off thinking that you will be fawelling soon. Your successor can always reduce the order if necessary.

Our Competition List.

HAMILTON DIVISION			TORONTO DIVISION		
Total Sales 2,320	Average Sales per Corps 127		Total Sales 2,765	Average Sales per Corps 110	
Hamilton..... 340	Simcoe..... 125		St. John's..... 100	Annapolis..... 70	
Brantford..... 310	Respecter..... 120		Chatham..... 80	Corleton..... 80	
St. Catharines..... 280	North Bay..... 120		Parryboro..... 80	Spring H. Mtn's..... 80	
Guelph..... 205	Hamilton II..... 115		Grand Bend..... 100	Bouthampton..... 80	
Niagara Falls..... 200	Berlin..... 110		Digby..... 75	Presport..... 80	
St. Catharines..... 175	Hamilton III..... 110		Sussex..... 70		
Barrie..... 175	Paris..... 110				
Bracebridge..... 155	Dundas..... 100				
Stratford..... 200	Welland..... 100				
Orillia..... 150	Welland..... 100				
Collingwood..... 145	Dunville..... 90				
Pohabaw..... 125	New Liskeard..... 85				
Raleybury..... 125	Peversham..... 85				
LONDON DIVISION			NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE		
Total Sales 2,310	Average Sales per Corps 127		Total Sales 2,001	Average Sales per Corps 110	
London..... 450	Ridgeway..... 100		St. John's I..... 150	Longford..... 15	
Windsor..... 270	Scarforth..... 90		St. John's II..... 150	Mussey Harbor..... 15	
Strothroy..... 200	St. Mary's..... 85		Grand Bend..... 15	Nordie's Cove..... 15	
St. Thomas..... 255	Essex..... 85		St. John's III..... 62	Trout River..... 15	
Chatham..... 250	Forest..... 75		Carbonara..... 59	Cottic's Cove..... 15	
Swan Sound..... 220	Palmerston..... 75		T. Willgate..... 15	Cottic's Cove..... 15	
Woodstock..... 210	Clifton..... 65		Bay Roberts..... 50	Dog Bay..... 15	
Petrolia..... 200	Kenora..... 65		St. John's IV..... 50	Fort St. John's..... 15	
Stratford..... 200	London II..... 60		Harbor Grace..... 70	Mussey Harbor..... 15	
Sarnia..... 185	Bedford..... 55		Grand Bend..... 15	Nordie's Cove..... 15	
Ingersoll..... 160	Wexford..... 55		St. John's V..... 62	Trout River..... 15	
Wainwright..... 115	Wroxeter..... 10		Carbonara..... 59	Cottic's Cove..... 15	
Wingham..... 110			T. Willgate..... 15	Cottic's Cove..... 15	
NORTH-WEST PROVINCE			PACIFIC PROVINCE		
Total Sales 2,315	Average Sales per Corps 127		Total Sales 2,001	Average Sales per Corps 110	
Winnipeg I..... 125	Kenora..... 120		St. John's I..... 150	Longford..... 15	
Port William..... 225	Regina..... 120		St. John's II..... 150	Mussey Harbor..... 15	
Calgary..... 200	Winnipeg III..... 100		Grand Bend..... 15	Nordie's Cove..... 15	
Edmonton..... 200	Winnipeg IV..... 100		St. John's III..... 62	Trout River..... 15	
Port Arthur..... 200	Winnipeg V..... 100		Carbonara..... 59	Cottic's Cove..... 15	
Saskatoon..... 175	Dauphin..... 75		T. Willgate..... 15	Cottic's Cove..... 15	
Regina..... 150	Leamington..... 40		Bay Roberts..... 50	Dog Bay..... 15	
Moose Jaw..... 175	Strathcona..... 50		St. John's IV..... 50	Fort St. John's..... 15	
Prince Albert..... 155	Saskatoon..... 50		Harbor Grace..... 70	Mussey Harbor..... 15	
Medicine Hat..... 135	Swedish..... 20		Grand Bend..... 15	Nordie's Cove..... 15	
Portage P. Prairie..... 130			St. John's V..... 62	Trout River..... 15	
EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE			SPECIAL SALES		
Total Sales 2,310	Average Sales per Corps 127		Total Sales 2,001	Average Sales per Corps 110	
Ottawa..... 450	Port Hope..... 125		Training College..... 500	Bro. Mephim..... 25	
Kingston..... 350	Cornwall..... 125		Bro. Carver Wk..... 80	Little Carver..... 25	
Montreal I..... 275	Montreal II..... 100		Quebec..... 60	F. E. S. B. B..... 25	
Montreal III..... 275	Montreal IV..... 100		Lethbridge..... 100	Mission Jct..... 25	
Peterborough..... 250	Colborne..... 100		Prison Work..... 100	Bus. Crego, Counts..... 25	
St. Catharines..... 250	St. Catharines..... 100				
Bracebridge..... 155	Perth..... 100				
Ottawa II..... 150	Renfrew..... 90				
Ottawa III..... 150	Carleton Place..... 90				
Smith's Falls..... 135	Tweed..... 65				
Sherbrooke..... 130	Montreal III..... 30				
HALIFAX DIVISION			INDIAN WORK		
Total Sales 2,322	Average Sales per Corps 127		Total Sales 2,001	Average Sales per Corps 110	
Halifax..... 370	Stellarton..... 125		Wrangell..... 35	Killarney..... 10	
Halifax I..... 370	Sydney..... 125		Port Eslington..... 30	Shakam..... 5	
Gloucester..... 325	New Aberdeen..... 105				
New Glasgow..... 325	Plunket..... 85				
Westville..... 325	London..... 85				
Truro..... 175	Liverpool..... 45				
North Sydney..... 150	Shelburne..... 45				
Windsor..... 150	Lanenburg..... 25				
Dartmouth..... 150	Louisburg..... 12				
Keegan..... 125					
ST. JOHN DIVISION					
Total Sales 2,320	Average Sales per Corps 127				
St. John I..... 385	Amherst..... 140				
Hamilton..... 300	St. George's..... 145				
Charlottetown..... 280	Summerside..... 150				
Moncton..... 215	Woodstock..... 150				
Fredericton..... 200	St. John II..... 125				
St. John III..... 200	St. Stephen..... 110				
Yarmouth..... 200	Summerside..... 100				

didn't speak; but his looks they sed: "Boys, I'm not going to talk. I'm going to saw wood." Watch Toronto.

The Editor, he made more remarks. Said he: "It may also be interesting to you, dear comrades, to know that the Corps' average for the Dominion of Canada (in this connection I exclude Newfoundland as the conditions that prevail there are altogether different to those in the Dominion) is 144 copies. I notice that the Corps' average amongst our comrades over the border is 106 for the Corps in the Western States, and 70 per Corps for the Eastern

States of America. We are somewhat in advance of our neighbours, you see. I am not quite sure of the Corps' averages for the other "War Crys," but I am quite confident of this: that if we could raise our Corps' average to 150 copies we should be, if not in advance of the world, pretty near it. I suggest, comrades, that an endeavour be made to reach this average—if it could be accomplished by the Fall Councils it would be a great achievement. Remember, dear comrades, it is only six copies per Corps."

When the Editor asked them if they would go for it, they all replied, "Sure thing!"

I guess The Editor average of copies, and could make very cred in Britain her up, b

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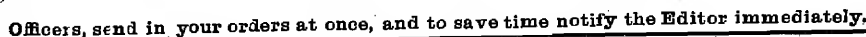
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Though tough be the fighting
and trouble arise,
There are mansions of glory pre-
pared in the skies;
A Crown and a Kingdom ye
shortly shall view,
The laurels of vict'ry are waitin'
for you.

ANNUAL CONGRESS

TORONTO

October 11th to 16th.

MRS.

BRAMWELL BOOTH

WITH

Commissioner & Mrs. REES

IN COMMAND ASSISTED BY

COL. and MRS. MAPP and Leading Officers.

THE
BEST
YET!

THE SALVATION ARMY UP-TO-DATE.
GRAND SPECTACULAR DEMONSTRATION.
DELEGATES FROM ALL PARTS OF CANADA.
MASSSED BANDS.
WAVES OF BLESSING. HEAVENLY MUSIC.

THE
BEST
YET!

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11th, at 8 p.m.,

Welcome to

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH

(wife of the CHIEF OF THE STAFF) and visiting Officers, in the MASSEY HALL. Delegates representing different countries, dressed in national costumes will appear, and a very striking programme has been arranged.

THURSDAY, Oct. 12th.

Three Sessions of FIELD OFFICERS' COUNCILS will be held. Candidates, Senior, and Y.P. and Band Locals will be admitted to the Thursday Night Session of the F.O.'s Councils.

FRIDAY, Oct. 13th.

Three Sessions of FIELD OFFICERS' COUNCILS will be held.

SATURDAY, Oct. 14th.

10 a.m. SOCIAL OFFICERS' COUNCIL.

8 p.m. MRS. BOOTH will conduct a SOLDIERS'

COUNCIL in the BOND STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

SUNDAY, Oct. 15th.

11 a.m., HOLINESS MEETING in THE TEMPLE at which MRS. BOOTH will Speak.

3 p.m. MASSEY HALL

Mrs. BOOTH

will deliver

A SOCIAL LECTURE

MASSSED BANDS and CITY FORCES, together with Visiting Officers and Soldiers, will unite.

7 p.m. MASSEY HALL. Great Salvation Meeting. MRS. BOOTH WILL

SPEAK, Masssed Bands and City Forces and Visiting Officers will unite.

MONDAY, Oct. 16th.

STAFF OFFICERS' COUNCIL.

Special Railroad Rates to Toronto and return by securing Standard Certificate from Local Ticket Agent.